TILL LEADING. £33,965 THIS WEEK

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£1,000 Free Insurance

EVERY ENTRY RECEIVED IS CAREFULLY SCRUTINISED BY THE ADJUDICATORS.

A SINGLE ENTRY RECEIVES THE SAME CONSIDERATION AS THOSE ACCOMPANIED BY OTHERS.

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What people say about

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

"If it had been forgotten it had been a gap in our great feast."

Patronised by H.M. the Queen of Sweden.

100,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, 7 11/1907. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will reward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our PRUDENTIAL REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS

Suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in six different patterns of fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blues, and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as sample carpets, thus showing the ideal quality we do supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, a specialty of our own, can only be obtained direct from our loom, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. OVER 100,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug, or we will send Two TWO RUGS for 5s. 6d.—Square. The Countess of Selkirk thank the British Carpets. send her another Carpet similar to the one she got from them a fortnight ago, which is most satisfactory."

Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Quilts, Table Linen, Bedsteads, Overmantels, &c., Post Free, if, when writing, you mention "Pearson's Weekly," 7 11/1907. Address—

J. H. WIGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers and Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

When specifying tyres for your cycle, motor cycle or car, remember

DUNLOP QUALITY.

Write for Booklet, gratis and post free.

DUNLOP TYRE CO. Ltd., Aston, Birmingham, and 14 Regent Street, London, S.W.

The Housewife's Friend.

"VASELINE"

The Everyday Need.

SIX USEFUL TRIAL SAMPLES, Post Free, 6d.

"VASELINE" is the base of so many preparations for which there is an everyday use. The Trial Sample Set of Six Preparations is intended to introduce you to the many merits of "VASELINE." The "VASELINE" Preparations are sold by all Chemists.

For giving beautiful complexions—for renewing the hair and preventing it falling—for healing all skin troubles—for relieving Rheumatism and Neuralgia—there is a Vaseline preparation for all these and much more —for details see booklet.

SAMPLE BOXES CONTAIN SIX ARTICLES:—

1 Tube White "Vaseline."
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Send 6d. in stamps (½d. stamps preferred) to the

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors of "Vaseline."
42 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.,
And one will be forwarded post free.

"JUST OUT" BOOT POLISH.

Bright as a sunbeam—waterproof—lasting—preservative—economical—cleanly in use.

In tins, black and tan, at 3d., 4d., & 6d.

Send post-card for a free sample to Borough Road, London, S.E. Mention this paper.

Made only by

DAY & MARTIN

EVERY MAN

SUFFERING from NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY should send for a valuable Pamphlet explaining how all Nervous and Organic Derangements and Varicocele may be successfully treated without stomach medication. The method is easy and pleasant, and will effect a perfect and permanent cure. Sent in plain sealed envelope, post free.

E. B. NORTON, 59 and 60 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

Over thirty years' continuous success.

THAT'S AL[L]

For just a post-card like [this] H. Samuel will send you FREE [of] charge the

WONDERFUL WAT[CH] JEWEL ALBUM

which thousands have found so useful in their buying and so helpful to the growth of their savings.

SEND FOR IT TO-DAY and be fully posted for future guidance concerning the magnificent assortment of new productions. H. Samuel is [illegible]

FACTORY PRIC[ES]

REAL GOLD BROO[CHES] [illegible] SILVER ALBERTS, 2/6 [illegible] 6/6; PLATED DINN[ER] [illegible] &c., saving you nearly [illegible] 3,000 beautiful artic[les] [illegible] tection in the MO[NTH] [illegible] TRIAL allowed [illegible]

A BOOK EVERYONE CA[N] [illegible] HAVE. WRITE FOR [IT TO]DAY.

H. SAMUEL,

[5]0 Branches in London and [illegible]

THE "ACME" SILVER LEVER, 25/- with H. Samuel's exclusive patents. Sold complete with FREE GIFT OF SOLID SILVER ALBERT.

Mr. F. W. Bowter, South Kelsey, Lincoln,—amongst others, writes that he has carried an "Acme" upwards of 25 years without repairs.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years.).

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

LADIES' High-class, Second-hand **CLOTHING.** Catalogue sent.—Madame Dupont, 98 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilocarpine, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc.; and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.—We strongly advise everyone to send to us any Artificial Teeth they may have for disposal. We make most liberal offers, and are the largest firm of Dental Merchants in the World.—R. D. & J. B. Fraser Ltd. (Desk 124), Princes Street, Ipswich. Established 1833. Reference, Capital & Counties Bank, Ipswich.

BUY CROCKERY DIRECT.—Every china and crockery requisite at factory prices. Tea, dinner, and toilet sets from 2/9. Wedding presents and home furnishing outfits, 10/6 to 45/-. Famous guinea package, 4 splendid sets—breakfast, dinner, tea, toilet, packed complete, 21/-. Catalogue Free.—Century Pottery Co. (Dept. R), Burslem, Staffs.

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"LIGMOT" PAPER BLINDS, each rolled on rod; choice, durable, strong; sold everywhere.—Gill's, Heckmondwike.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Shopkeepers and others wanted to take orders. Free samples, big discount, no risk.—Leopold Printing Co., 65 Lime Street, Liverpool.

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GENT'S "EASESOLE" SOCKS.—Sample 1/0, post free.—Adair, 41 Gordon Place, Kensington, London.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Grand selection; agents wanted; half profit, big bonuses; gold free, specimens free.—Doyle & Co., Brunswick Road, Liverpool.

NITS BANISHED COMPLETELY from Children's Hair by Sunflower Pomade, 1/- post free; small size, 4d.—W. P. Livesey, Chemist, Preston.

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PRIVATE XMAS CARDS.—Agents wanted. Best selling series published. Splendid sample book free; highest commission.—Cards, Stewart Street, Manchester.

STRENGTH; How Lost: How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

PICTURE POST-CARDS.—Splendid selection. Samples and list, 21.—Stevenson & Co., 45 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS.—Finest collection [illegible] Zonophones. [illegible] Every Record guaranteed new. Easy terms. Old Records exchanged.—D'Almaine's, 9[illegible] Finsbury Pavement, London.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS, from 1/- dozen. Specimens free. Watkins, Upper St., Islington.

FREE.—Thirty assorted samples of the famous [illegible] Pens, 3d., post free.—[illegible] Blake, Wells & Co., Birmingham.

CROCKERY AT WHOLESALE PRICES.—Dinner, Tea, and Toilet Sets, from 2/8. Art catalogue free.—Teapot Manfg. Co. (K.), Hanley, Staffs.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele, and its consequent nervous troubles, should send for Illustrated Treatise giving full particulars and testimonials showing successful cures. Sent sealed, post free.—The Marston Co., 59 Chancery Lane, London. Established 40 years.

CHINA.—Seconds, 1/-; Earthenware, from 8d. doz. Write for lists.—Arthur Hull, Longton, Staffs.

LIMERICKS.—Every competitor must get a copy of "The Limerick Rhymester," THE BOOK THAT WINNERS USE. It contains 1,000 rhyming words and hints to competitors. Absolutely necessary if you want to win. James [illegible] Hay, Q.M.S. Seaforth Highlanders, writes: "Having during the past month won prizes in Limerick Competitions to the value of £48, I have much pleasure in testifying to the valuable assistance your LIMERICK RHYMESTER has given me, and I can strongly recommend it to those who wish to profit by this popular pastime of Limericking." Also recommended by many other winners of prizes from £40 to £71. Send at once. Post free, 1/1.—Ashford Publishing Co., C., Hove Villas, Feltham Hill Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

BULBS.—Catalogue free.—Mason, 63 Crawshay, Brixton.

DON'T BUY CROCKERY UNTIL you have seen our new Illustrated Free Catalogue. Bargains never before equalled in the china trade. Tea Sets and Toilets, from 2/-; Dinner Sets, from 4/. Hampers a Speciality. Bagged Ware for all purposes.—Royal Crown Pottery (Dept. [illegible]), Tunstall, Staffs.

POUNDS OF SOAP SAVED by using Fox-Fome. Free sample on sending oilman's name.—Fox-Fome (Dept. N), Delvino Road, Fulham.

DRUNKENNESS CURED quickly, permanently, secretly, unfailingly. Cost trifling. Sample 1d.—Carlton Chemical Co., 504, Birmingham.

PHYSICAL AGONY, despair of soul and mind, arises through uric acid creating rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, sciatica, and kindred ailments. Undoubtedly finest cure and preventative is NU-SKE-BUIN, the famous Camphor Bath Salts.—Send to Crawfurd's, 28 Queen Street, Huddersfield.

LIMERICKS.—"How to Solve Limericks," by a great prize-winner. Book, 7d. Post Free.—Coleby Park View, Rowlands Gill, Durham.

LADIES.—GAUTIER'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS never fail. The numerous testimonials received testify to their merits. Price, 1/3 and 2/9; extra strong 4/6. Sample two stamps.—Baldwin & Co., Chemists, Electric Parade, Holloway, London. Ladies' guide to health sent free.

MACGREGOR'S REAL SCOTCH WINCEY, the original and best. From 1/- per yard White or coloured. Soft, dainty, durable, unshrinkable, better than flannel. Patterns post free.—Sole Agents, Greensmith & Downes, Edinburgh.

THE I.R.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value to all ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently in a few hours. Coated with gold, prepared with drugs worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, etc., and all similar preparations. Prices post free in plain wrapper, [illegible] (treble quantity), [illegible]. Direct only from the I.R.S. Co., Dept. W., 1[illegible] [illegible]well Road, London.

REMNANT BUNDLES, genuine Dunfermline Linen, Damask Tablecloth Lengths, etc., 5/-; carriage paid; 2 for 9/6. Extraordinary bargains. Catalogue free.—Dunn, Linen Looms, Dunfermline.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample and valuable Booklet explaining all about **BLANCHARD'S PILLS for LADIES,** the most effective remedy ever compounded.—Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study, and produces highest speed. Interesting booklet free.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

WONDERFUL NOVELTY! Cigar lighter 1/-, electric novelty. Illustrations free.—Wright, 29 Wormald Row, Leeds.

LADIES should send two stamps for Booklet, containing particulars of our famous Herbal Remedies.—Northorpe Remedy Co., Chemists, 10[illegible] Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, London.

FURS FOR DISPOSAL.—Rare bargain. Elegant [illegible] long rich Sable Brown Russian Fox Stole or Throwover, handsomely trimmed with ten tails, heads, and large Granny Muff to match; sacrifice [illegible], worth £[illegible]. Approval willingly.—Lombard, [illegible] Brixton Road, Stockwell, London.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered.—W. P. Powell Remedy Co., Bepingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE.—100 different to responsible collectors, sending 1d. for postage. Mention gift 2[illegible].—Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

HAIR DESTROYER.—A lady who has been a life-long sufferer from superfluous hair has recently learned of a means which permanently destroys the roots, and will send particulars free, on enclosing stamp to pay postage, to any afflicted.—Address, Helen L. W. Temple, 8 Blenheim St., Oxford St., London, W.

ZANCIGGING.—Purchasers buying 12 of our beautiful high-class Christmas Picture Post-Cards, 2/-, post free, we present entirely free of cost the new parlour pastime, "Telep-Experimentia," based upon the principles of scientific mind reading. Embodies instructions in Thought-transference, Auto-suggestion, etc.; limited supply only.—2/- P.O. crossed to Dept. P, Burmantofts Picture Post Card Co., 32 East Beckett Street, Leeds.

ART PHOTOS, PARIS SALONS, SUBJECTS, &c.—A Catalogue with 600 Illustrations will be sent post free against 1/3 [illegible] orders or stamps of any country. Sample collections of Photos and Post-cards at 5/-, 10/-, 20/-, &c.—A. Grant, 73 Nevis Road, Balham, London, S.W.

GAUTIER'S PILLS,

composed of Apiol, Tansy, Pennyroyal, and Steel, regulate the system. Invaluable for all disorders of the female constitution. Post free 7½d., 2/3, and 4/6 per box. Mention this paper.

Sole Agents:

BALDWIN & CO., Chemists, Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

BOON TO MEN.

Nervous and Physical Weaknesses—Urinary Troubles, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and other allied diseases. Send for Treatise, with full particulars, including Hundreds of Testimonials of complete Cures. No Electricity.

Sent sealed free.

J. L. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

HEADACHE CURED IN 10 MINUTES.

One Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kaputine by return post. Write to C. H. Kaputine, Kaputine Works, Wakefield. Kaputine is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Packets of 12 doses, 1/-. Samples 1d.

A BOON TO LADIES

BLANCHARD'S PILLS

are especially compounded for ladies, and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent Physicians, and sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/1½ a box, or post free from Leslie Martyn, Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

TIRED MEN.

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me, and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be Quickly and Thoroughly Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this Paper.—A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. Over twenty years' successful results.

To Smoke[rs]

MAKE YOUR OWN CIG[ARETTES] [illegible]

IT IS TWICE A[S] [illegible]

Cigarette AC[illegible] Pa[pers]

BEST & P[UR]EST

LARGEST SALE IN G[REAT] BRITA[IN]

GIVEN AW[AY]

WITH [illegible]

ALEXA[N]DRA

Kimono [Ro]be

9/6

Postage [illegible]

A Beautiful Ivory [illegible] trimmed with Vale[nciennes] [illegible]

The "Kimono Robe" [illegible] cut skirt and slip-o[n] [illegible] an entirely new de[sign] [illegible] worn over [illegible]

It is the embo[diment] [illegible] and Elegance, [illegible] walking or ind[oor] [illegible] soft Vicuna clo[th] [illegible] Navy, Brown, [illegible] 42in. [illegible]

Price 9/6, pos[t] [illegible]

Send to-day and [illegible]

DAINTY D[illegible]

10 Archer St. W[illegible] Avenue [illegible]

THE LIMERICK OF LIMERICKS.

Britannia was buying her Tea,
"I must have the purest," said she,
"All their prize schemes and tricks,
And absurd Limericks,
Won't put me off
MAZAWATTEE"

There are many Cocoas, .. BUT ...

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa

Is unsurpassed for

PURITY, SOLUBILITY, AND EXCELLENCE

There's Health in every Cup.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

THIS WEEK EACH WINNER RECEIVES £189 9s. 6d.

£33,965

HAS BEEN DIVIDED

AMONGST 7,252 COMPETITORS.

THIS WEEK'S CONSOLATION GIFTS: £631 0s. 0d.

FOUR POINTS TO NOTE.

EVERY ENTRY RECEIVED IS CAREFULLY SCRUTINISED.

EVERY ENTRY RECEIVED IS IMPARTIALLY CONSIDERED.

EVERY ENTRY RECEIVED IS JUDGED ON ITS MERITS.

THE JUDGES DON'T READ NAMES OF COMPETITORS.

EACH week brings its own record. This week is no exception, and I am happy to announce that through the Limerick Competitions conducted by *Pearson's Weekly*, **£33,965** has actually been distributed amongst **7,252** competitors. These recipients have all been *bona fide* competitors. Their names and addresses have appeared each week in our columns. The fact that they have been so numerous should be an incentive to you to compete, for if so many thousands have gained awards, why should not you?

I have also much pleasure in reporting still another increase in our prize money. This week the sum awarded to the ten competitors whose attempts have been considered the best and most original has risen to **£189 9s. 6d.** each, which exceeds considerably the individual prizes awarded by other papers. Besides these very handsome awards, **£631** has been distributed as consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit, and the names and addresses of the recipients appear below.

The unfinished limerick was as follows:

> **There was a young girl of eighteen,**
> **Who thought 'twould be nice to be lean.**
> **She took to support her**
> **Just biscuits and water.**

The attempts finally selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin, together with the names and addresses of the winners, are as follows:

Mr. P. D. Wilson, 177 Westbourne Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.
Through a woman at last we have seen.

Mr. A. Killick, Moore Abbey, Monasterevan, Ireland.
"Wilt thou have this 'spare-rib'?" said the dean.

Mr. F. I. G. Medd, Avenue Cottage, Duppas Hill, Croydon.
And the wolf at the door murmured, "Mean."

Mr. J. Huxtable, Sec., N. Devon Building Society, Jay St., Barnstaple.
Plus my knee and my arm—when unseen.

Mr. R. K. Callister, s.s. "Llanelly," Victoria Dock, Liverpool.
Now she'd raise e'en a cannibal's spleen.

Mr. J. Rice, 6 Dowlas St., Wells St., Coleman Rd., S.E.
As no man for the honour felt keen.

Mrs. Wylie, Wyefield, Stewarton, N.B.
But a "milk-sop" she took when nineteen.

Mr. F. Marshall, 2 Ivanhoe St., Newfound Pool, Leicester.
Also arms, knees, and kisses between.

Mrs. S. G. Jones, Cambrian Library, Pwllheli, N. Wales.
Eighteen months! Will nurse please intervene.

Mr. J. T. Cooling, 49 Bakewell St., Leicester.
With milk—since her months were eighteen.

Dropped his cigar in the gunpowder jar.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a **postal order for sixpence,** and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Fireworks" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, November 7th.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co." All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) three-fourths will be divided amongst the senders of the ten lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, a tenth part of this three-fourths will be divided amongst all such senders. The remaining one-fourth will be awarded in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN and the EDITOR of "P.W.,"

who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

ENTRY FORM. **LIMERICK No. 24.**

> **A clever young man of Herne Bay**
> **Was making some fireworks one day,**
> **But he dropped his cigar**
> **In the gunpowder jar,**
> ....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name ....

Address ....

....

....

LIST OF 583 WINNERS OF CONSOLATION GIFTS.

TWELVE AT £5 EACH.

Barker, J. F., 37 Richmond Pl., Dublin.
Burness, G., 44 Queen's Rd., Reading.
Dyson, Dr. J., 4 Woodville Gdns., Ealing.
Eames, E., 4 Canterbury Tce., Sudbury.
Emmerson, Joseph, 2 Pretoria Row, Leeds.
Lovell, Mme., Town Hall, Turriff, N.B.
Prins, W. F. F., Coleraines, Little Baddow.
Salmon, H. M., Marsden Ho., Ross-on-Wye.
Shaw, A., 40 Woburn House, Marylebone, W.
Smith, Miss A., 14 Parkside Tce., Edinburgh.
Wilson, A. G., Woodbine, Ballino, Ire.
Wilson, Miss J., High St., So. Queensferry, N.B.

571 AT £1 EACH.

Alderslade, W., 273 Harrow Rd., Paddington.
Aldersmith, Miss, Arundel Ho., Cornwall Gdns., S.W.
Aldis, Mrs. A. E., Mill Cottage, Wymondham.
Alibutt, Mrs., 45 Pembroke Rd., Bristol.
Allin, G., 200 Sultan Rd., Portsmouth.
Allott, H., 104 City Rd., Sheffield.
Ailey, F., 13 Molyneux St., Chorlton-on-Medlock.
Amery, Miss E., 1 Adolphus Rd., Finsbury Park.
Amoore, F., The Cottage, Maidstone.
Anderson, A., "H." Coy., Royal Highlanders, Curragh.
Anderson, Miss M., Dore, nr. Sheffield.
Angelo, H. C., 45 Malvern Rd., East Ham.
Angles, I. G., 3 Copthall Bldgs., E.C.
Arkell, W., Long Garden Walk, Farnham.
Armson, Miss F., 74 St. Andrew's Rd., St. Annes, Lancs.
Arnold, Mrs. M. E., 20 Lancashire Rd., Bristol.
Arthur, W. S., 38 Kennington Ave., Bristol.
Ashby, R. E., 36 Lowther St., Newmarket.
Avery, P., "Lonsie," Clarence Rd., Harpenden.
Bacon, R., 24 Rendlesham St., Monkwearmouth.
Bagg, W. T., "Homestead," Cheltenham.
Bailey, G., 12A Commerce Pl., Aberaman, S. Wales.
Baillie, Jnr., J., 88 Crown St., Liverpool.
Baillie, Miss L., 3 Frederick St., Sunderland.
Baillie, J., 120 Fitzroy Ave., Belfast.
Baker, Mrs., Breinton Court, Hereford.
Baker, A. S., 1 Dashwood Rd., Crouch End.
Baker, W. H., 86 Church Rd., Horfield, Bristol.
Ballam, Mrs. E., 54 Kitsbury Rd., Berkhamsted.
Banner, H., 5 Osborne St., Preston.
Barker, F., 39 Fairfield St., L'pool.
Barnett, G., 54 Packington St., N.
Barrington, Mrs., Kirk Langley, Derby.
Battle, J. T., 19 Victor St., Hull.
Batchelor, H. T., 47 High Street, Battersea.
Bates, Miss S., 18 Oakdale Rd., L'pool.
Beaber, Mrs. A., 70 Shrubbery St., Kidderminster.
Beardsworth, Miss F., 94 Granville Rd., Blackburn.
Beaumont, H. G., Blackmores Grove, Teddington.
Beaumont, J., 63 Worthing St., Hull.
Beech, J., Hemsby, Gt. Yarmouth.
Bembridge, E. R., P.O., West Bridgford.
Bennett, C. H., 18 Howard St., Wakefield.
Bennett, J., 15 Eldon Rd., Kensington.
Bennett, W. J., c.o. Lloyd & Yorath, Newport, Mon.
Bemrose, Mrs., Dawley, Salop.
Billingham, J., Usk, Mon.
Bint, G., 56 St. Paul's Sq., Birmingham.
Birtwhistle, W. H., 18 Eldon Place, Halifax.
Blacksell, E., 171 Albert Ave., Hull.
Blackmore, E., 27 Hanbury Rd., Bristol.
Blair, J. M., Glasgow Rd., Paisley.
Blandford, Mrs. J., Dunkirk Ho., Corbridge-on-T.
Bloomfield, F. A., 2 Wales Sq., Norwich.
Blower, J., Usk, Mon.
Bloxsome, W., Church St., Woodbridge, Suffolk.
Blyth, F., 163 Wells Rd., Bristol.
Bond, Mrs. M., Pyne House, Lyme Regis, Dorset.
Booth, C. F., 12 Gt. Portland St.
Booth, Miss N., 21 Normanton Ave., Wimbledon Pk.
Booth, W., 52 Clarendon Rd., Middlesbro'.
Borres, R., 11 Little Stonegate, York.
Boulton, J., Free Library, Llanelly.
Boulton, J. W., 17 Carter St., L'pool.
Bourner, Mrs. P., Ferry Rd., Rye, Sussex.
Bowen, A. S., 1 Foster St., Bristol.
Bradford, R., Halsey Villa, Uxbridge, Mx.
Bradshaw, P. R., 103 Adelaide Rd., Hampstead.
Braine, Miss S., 68 Gower St., W.C.
Brampton, I., 15 Woodal Rd., B'ham.
Brash, T., Linthutts, High Blantyre, N.B.
Brearley, P., 5 Gordon St., Elland, Yorks.
Brewer, J. H., 116 Lewardstone Rd., Victoria Pk.
Bridgman, M., Mayfield Cottage, Lewes.
Brodie, Miss E., The Croft, Rutherglen, N.B.
Brook, F., 75 Tunnacliffe Rd., Huddersfield.
Brooks, A. E., 7 Hampden St., Notts.
Brown, A. J., 118 Sherbourne Rd., Blackpool.
Brown, F. W. R., 3 Princethorpe Rd., Sydenham.
Brown, S. E., Newton House, Uppingham.
Browne, Mrs. M. F., Hillcroft, Sanderstead.
Brownsdon, H. W., 53 Elliscombe Rd., Charlton.
Budd, A., 2 Devonshire Villas, Aldershot.
Bullock, C., Westcroft St., Droitwich.
Burcham, Miss, 12 Westoe Parade, S. Shields.
Burnett, Miss A., Hillside, Vernon Rd., Barnsley.
Burry, H., Rhos, Haverfordwest.
Burton, J., 36 Methuen Rd., Portsmouth.
Busbridge, G., The Whim, Park Rd., Hythe.
Buttery, H. R., Oak Villa, Long Ditton.
Byrne, W., 9 Cadogan St., Middlesbro'.
Campbell, J., 35 Bedford St., Belfast.
Capes, Miss J., 272 Burdett Rd., E.
Capes, J. E., 7 Mabel's Villas, Hull.
Capleton, E. C., 67 Queen's Rd., Leytonstone.
Carr, G. M., Finchley House, Scarboro'.
Carson, Dr. R. B., Greenlands, Dover.
Carthew, B., 132 Clifford Gdns., Willesden.
Catley, Miss E. R., 56 Reverdy Rd., Bermondsey.
Cawthorn, Miss M., 7 Clarendon St., Notts.
Chamberlain, E. A., 46 Dale Rd., Luton.
Charlton, Mrs. E. A., 23 Seven Sisters Rd., N.
Chicken, G., Postmaster, Pelaw-on-Tyne.
Chipchase, J., 44 Laws St., Middlesbro'.
Clark, Miss M., 552 St. Vincent St., Glasgow.
Clarke, M., The Pallant, Chichester.
Clift, Miss E. J., Rowcroft, Stroud.
Clinton, W., 53 Stobcross St., Anderston.
Coates, D., 47 King St., Perth, N.B.
Cockerill, Mrs., Calverton, Stony Stratford.
Cohen, Miss F., 36 Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood.
Colcutt, T. H. P., 71 Heathwood Gardens, Charlton.
Cole, H., 89 St. John's Rd., Waterloo, nr. L'pool.
Collings, Mrs. G., 4 Carson Rd., W. Dulwich.
Colvill, H., 63 Boston Rd., Brentford.
Conen, Mrs., Linkenholt Mans., Stamford Brk. Ave.
Cookson, C. M., Park View, Sheffield.
Cooper, F., 14 Mill Bridge, Hertford.
Cornell, A., 67 Rutland Rd., Ilford.
Couchman, H. A., 151 Lancaster Rd., Notting Hill.
Coughlan, Prof. P. T., The Academy, Stokesley.
Cowell, H., 43 Crescent Rd., West Ham.
Craig, Miss E., 14 Chandos Rd., Willesden Gn.
Crawford, J., 10 Dean St., Liskeard.
Creech, G., N.P. Bank, Cardiff.
Cregg, J. J., 17 Thomaston St., Liverpool.
Crompton, H., 67 Station Rd., Pendlebury, nr. M'ter.
Crowther, Mrs. A., 27 Purbrook St., S.E.
Cubbin, A. M., "Glencoe," S'hampton.
Culverwell, H., G.P.O., Bridgwater, Som.
Cunningham, A., 26 Parkhouse Lane, Glasgow.
Curwen, Miss E., Beech Cottage, Garstang.
Dale, K., 30 Carlton Vale, Maida Vale.
Darry, Mrs. S. E., 26 Addingham Rd., L'pool.
Danes, F., 37 Kingston Rd., Southall, Middlesex.
Davey, Mrs. M., "Illogan Downs," Redruth, Cornwall.
Davidson, A., 9 Devonshire Rd., Aberdeen.
Davies, T. J., Bronllys, Newbridge, Mon.
Davies, Mrs. P., 27 Grove Terr., Finchley.
Davies, S. A., 97 Pajitt St., Chatham.
Davis, Miss, Russell St., Wishaw, N.B.
Death, F., 88 Antrobus Rd., Handsworth, B'ham.
Denny, H., 17 Marlboro' Rd., Bradford.
Dobson, C. R., 27 Hartington St., Derby.
Doggait, J. P., Granby Rd., Bakewell, Derbys.
Dover, R., 32 Haddon St., Leicester.
Downie, W. F., 28 Grasmere Rd., Lancaster.
Dowson, O. F., Gee Cross, Hyde, Cheshire.
Dresser, G., Cleveland Hill, Darlington.
Drew, Mrs. O., South Pk., Reigate.
Durrant, L. M., Ringstead, King's Lynn.
Eagar, E. H., 101 Salisbury Rd., High Barnet.
Edgley, Mrs. L. J., 43 Gresham Rd., Brixton.
Edison, A., 14 Dean St., Blackpool.
Edwards, Miss A., "Glenariff," Friern Barnet.
Edwards, Miss E., Park Cottage, Wolverhampton.
Edwards, E. E., 21 Rendezvous St., Folkestone.
Edwards, J., 34 Moorland Rd., Cardiff.
Egerton, Miss C. E., West Ashling, nr. Chichester.
Elener, G. A., 71 Earlspark Ave., Glasgow.
Eley, N. W., Red House, Batley.
Elliott, Mrs. A., 40 Ashton Gate Rd., Bedminster.
Elliott, R. E., 11 Milnrow Rd., Rochdale.
Ellis, E. O., Smollett St., Alexandria, N.B.
Elson, W., "Hazeldene," Falmouth.
Embleton, Jnr., B., 53 Roman Rd., E.
Emery, F. W., 2 Waterloo Gdns., Belfast.
Enstone, R., 9 Queen's Hill, Newport, Mon.
Errington, W. H., Rhosddu, Wrexham.
Evans, F., 5 Royal Well Place, Cheltenham.
Evans, N. G., 59 Hill Park Cres., Plymouth.
Evans, W. M., "Brynawel," Whitchurch, Glam.
Everitt, A. E., 4 Calverley Cres., Catford.
Farrar, J., 4 Berlin St., Up. Brook St., Manchester.
Fass, H. E., 3 Plowden Bldgs., Temple.
Fearnside, C., 9 Sommerville Pl., Scotstoun, N.B.
Fenwick, A., 262 Crow Rd., Partick.
Ferri, P., 13 Town St., Stockton-on-Tees.
Field, F. B., 39 Manorfield Rd., Stamford Hill.
Field, D. M., 58 Holloway Head, Birmingham.
Fielding, L., Moor Bottom, Halifax.
Fitzgerald, B., 13 Donegall Pl., Belfast.
Firkin, E. G., Faringdon Lane, Coventry.
Fisher, P., 191 Saracen St., Possilpark, Glasgow.
Forbes, J. L., Windygates, Fife, N.B.

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

BRITAIN'S FIRST BALLOON.

ALL London stood agape the other day when the "Nulli Secundus" came sailing round St. Paul's.

But it is doubtful whether the advent of this, the first true airship, created so much excitement as did the first balloon.

This latter, manned by a young Italian named Vincent Lunardi, ascended from Moorfields, then an open space of ground, on September 15th, 1784, in the presence of more than 100,000 spectators.

Instantly, as if by common consent, all business was suspended, the King himself setting the example by adjourning a Cabinet Council that just then happened to be sitting.

Vast crowds followed the balloon's course, some on horseback, in carts, in chaises, but mostly on foot. The Great North Road, above which the aeronaut sailed for some distance, was a roaring river of humanity.

Many were hurt in the crush, but the only fatality recorded in connection with the ascent was the death from fright of an old countrywoman, who, coming out of her cottage to see what the excitement was about, beheld the balloon just above her head.

On the other hand, Lunardi undoubtedly saved one man's life, a jury bringing in a verdict of "not guilty" on a notorious highwayman in order that they, the prisoner, and the judge who was trying the case, might rush out of court to see the balloon.

The aeronaut descended eventually near Ware, in Hertfordshire, where his sudden "drop from the clouds" was the cause of more astonishment and excitement. Many of the spectators, we are told, swooned with fear, while others urged the putting of poor Lunardi to death there and then, on the ground that he must needs be a sorcerer, and in league with the Evil One.

WHAT DID THE FARMER SAY?

As those who own shootings are aware, it sometimes happens that, in spite of alluring advertisements, they do not succeed in letting them. Farmer Partridge was in this unenviable position, and, after much consideration, he decided to let it out by the day to whatever chance sportsmen should happen to come his way.

One day a party arrived, and paid a day's hire. They were boisterously anxious for the farmer to accompany them; but he noticed the way they held their guns, and declined. Instead he gave them some dogs and ferrets, and told them where to find birds and rabbits, and bade them have a good day's sport.

There was a good deal of banging as the day wore on, but in the afternoon one of the shootists returned to the farmhouse.

"Hallo!" said the farmer. "Shot all the birds?"

"Er—no," said the sportsman.

"Been going for the rabbits—eh? Any luck?"

"Well, not exactly," said the other.

"What have you come back for, then?"

"Er—well, we want to know if you can let us have some more dogs and ferrets. We've used up that lot!"

STRIKES THAT STARVE STRIKERS.

ALL strikes involve more or less hardship to the strikers. But a railway strike differs from most other strikes in that those waging it are in the position of being compelled by force of circumstances to boycott their own food supplies.

This was clearly shown in the case of the strike on the Caledonian, North British, and Glasgow and South-Western Railways in 1890, when the prices of bread, meat, bacon, cheese, butter, and other like commodities doubled, almost immediately after the outbreak of hostilities, in the districts served by the affected lines. The result was, of course, that the strikers were hit both ways, their regular wages being non-forthcoming, while at the same time the purchasing power of what little money they possessed, or could pick up, was decreased by precisely 100 per cent. Naturally they suffered terribly, and in the end were compelled to submit unconditionally, after having seen their families brought to starvation.

In the great dock strike of 1889, again, the shortage of fish at Billingsgate Market affected the riverside labouring population very seriously, accustomed as they and their families had been to a regular and plentiful supply of this cheap, nourishing food. And the seriousness of the situation was greatly enhanced after a while, when the price of other provisions rose.

Indeed, it was thought at one time that this one factor alone must cause the collapse of the strike. And so perhaps it would have done. Only, luckily for the strikers, the public saw fit to open its purse, and by subscribing many tens of thousands of pounds in the course of a few days only, enabled the docker to beat his masters, and secure in perpetuity his long longed-for "tanner."

COULDN'T GET BETTER.

ON the local market ground a lusty-lunged auctioneer was holding forth in flowery terms on the virtues of a particular brand of cigars he was endeavouring to induce his audience to purchase. Holding up a box of cigars, he shouted:—

"You can't get better, gentlemen. I don't care where you go; you can't get better."

"No," came a cynical voice from a man in the crowd, "you can't. I smoked one last week, and I'm not better yet."

A MISTRESS asked her maid where she had spent her evening out.

"At a meetin' at the chapel, mum."

"Oh! What did they tell you?" said the mistress, who has curiosity.

"The lady said I wasn't to give you notice. I was to think you was my thorn, and bear it bravely!"

RACING UP BEN NEVIS.

THE first snow of the season has fallen on Ben Nevis, Britain's loftiest mountain, and has effectually put a stop to this year's series of attempts—which is regularly inaugurated every summer—to "break the record" from Fort William to the summit and back, a distance of fifteen miles and some odd yards.

The task was originally set in 1895 by William Swan, a native of the district, who did the double journey in 2 hours 41 minutes. Two years later William M'Donald, of Leigh, after ten days' arduous training, raced to the top and back in 2 hours 27 minutes.

Thenceforward, for many seasons, the contest resolved itself into a duel between these two athletes, each in turn lowering the other's time by a few seconds.

But in 1903 Ewen Mackenzie, the Observatory roadman, chipped in, and accomplished the record, which stands to-day—2 hours 10 minutes.

To beat this is the ambition of every young Scotsman in and around the district, as well as of many strangers from various parts of the world; but so far no one has succeeded, although other side-issue records have meanwhile been set up.

Thus, Colonel Acklom, of the Connaught Rangers, claims "best time" for men over fifty-five years of age, namely, 2 hours 55 minutes; while Miss E. Tait, an Inverness post-runner, holds the lady's record for the up journey only, she having covered the distance from Fort William to the summit in a trifle under two hours. What this means may be gathered from the fact that the average male tourist usually takes not less than four hours to accomplish the same feat.

Freak records, too, there are galore. One man, for instance, rode a motor-cycle to the summit and down again, taking the best part of two days over the task. Another pushed a wheelbarrow all the way; while yet a third is able to boast of being the only man to drive a horse and cart up the terribly precipitous road, and back again, in safety.

OUR NEW SERIAL
The
House of Rimmon
starts
on page 319.

A MEAT TEA.

IN the barber's shop the scissors clicked merrily away, and the barber's dog lay on the floor close beside the chair, looking up intently all the time at the occupant who was having his hair cut.

"Nice dog," said the customer.

"He is, sir," said the barber.

"He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber smiling. "Sometimes I make a mistake and take a little piece off a customer's ear!"

HOW "BLACKLEGS" ARE HOUSED.

RAILWAY workers have got a new riddle: "Which of the songs of the day is just now most popular with railway directors?" The answer is, "I've built a bamboo bungalow for you."

This, of course, is a sly allusion to the bungalows now in course of erection near Derby and elsewhere, for the accommodation of the strike-breakers during the coming railway war. The idea is apparently borrowed from America, where supplies of these portable dwellings are regularly kept in stock by the heads of the various strike-breaking firms, or Free Labour Organisations, as they prefer to call themselves.

Wherever possible, however, the masters prefer to house their strike-breakers on board ships, or other floating dwelling-places. It was this plan, it will be remembered, which was adopted in the case of the Englishmen imported into Antwerp during the recent dock strike there.

Failing this, a favourite alternative is to build compounds, and run live electric wires right round the top of the stockades, a device which had its origin at Homestead, near Pittsburg, during the great strike there of Carnegie's steel workers in 1892. It was a novelty then, and more than anything else roused the fury of the strikers, so that much fighting ensued, with many fatalities.

At Motherwell, during the strike of the Caledonian and North British Railway men, the companies concerned attempted to solve the problem by evicting their tenant strikers—in the depth of winter—with the idea of housing their blacklegs in the men's empty homes. But here again the ill-advised action drove the men to desperation, so that the military had to be requisitioned to quell the rioting that ensued.

AS GOOD AS SILVER.

Two English tourists were once travelling through France. They have a custom—or had—in the French hotels of placing a number of candles in a room, and charging one franc each for them, lighted or not lighted. One of the tourists never got reconciled to that. One day, just before they left a certain hotel, he said to his friend:

"Jack, do we have to pay a franc each for these candles?"

Jack said that was the usual charge.

"And all those porters and waiters downstairs expect to be tipped, too?"

"I believe they will," he said.

"How much?"

"Oh, about a franc, I suppose."

"All right, then."

He didn't say anything more at the time, but next morning, when they were getting ready to start, Jack saw him take the candles out of the candlesticks and put them into his pocket. When he got downstairs he pulled them out of his pocket and handed one to each of the porters who were standing about the hall. "Here is a franc for you," he said. "You can cash it in the office."

GLASS BOMBS FOR BLACK MARIAS.

THE sensational escape of four prisoners from the Glasgow "Black Maria" the other day is not an absolutely unique occurrence.

Indeed, one such case is, curiously enough, recorded in the annals of this self-same city, when a prisoner tore a hole in the floor of the van, dropped through into the street, and crawled away unobserved.

Infinitely more dramatic was the escape of the Fenian leaders, Kelly and Deasy, from the Manchester prison-van in 1867. Both men got clear away and out of the country. But three of their aiders and abettors were less lucky, being captured red-handed, and afterwards hanged. The police-sergeant in charge of the van, too, was accidentally shot and killed in the *mêlée*, so that altogether the affair cost no fewer than four lives.

But this was nothing compared to what would almost certainly have happened in London in 1883, if a similar plot to rescue the "Invincible" O'Donnell from the Holloway "Black Maria" had not been luckily discovered in time. O'Donnell, it will be remembered, was the man who shot Carey, the informer in the Phœnix Park murders, and it was determined to effect his escape at all hazards.

To this end a number of ground-glass dynamite bombs were got ready and stored in the first-floor front-room of a house situated on the line of route usually taken by the prison-van in question when conveying O'Donnell under remand from the police-court to Holloway Gaol, and *vice versâ*. The idea was to hurl these infernal machines under the horses, and amongst the mounted constables who constituted the special escort. But the authorities got an inkling of what was on the board, and O'Donnell was removed at dead of night from Holloway to Newgate, and there kept until his death at the hangman's hands was an accomplished fact.

Why are the short stories in this month's NOVEL MAGAZINE like the players in the Final at the Crystal Palace? (See page 316).

Sometimes it has Cost £28 a Ton.

PEOPLE are grumbling, not without cause, of the rise in coal prices, but what would they say if they had to pay 50s. to 60s. per ton for delivery alone? That is what it costs to land fuel at many of the more exposed lighthouse stations round the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland; such spots, for instance, as the Wolf Rock, off Land's End, Dubh Artach, off Mull, or on the needle-like rocks of Tearaught and the Skelligs, off the wild shores of County Kerry.

The lightkeepers there and elsewhere literally burn money, for, reckoning first cost and charges, every ton they consume represents a five-pound note. The firing can only be landed in the finest of weather, and even then at no small risk; whilst in some instances it requires the employment of scores of men to place even a single ton in their cellars.

Next to these the Navy pays more per ton for its coal than most consumers. To coal a destroyer at a home out-port may easily mount up to £4 per ton. On distant foreign stations—at some of those within the China command, for example—every shovelful put into the furnaces may have cost the nation a shilling.

Somewhat similar conditions apply to the more out-of-the-way signal stations belonging to Lloyd's.

At the Lizard, for instance, the firing has to travel fully 300 miles by sea or rail, and has then to be carted about eleven miles; whilst, on the Tory Island, off the Donegal coast, it has to be landed under troublesome conditions, even during summer.

SOLD LIKE EGGS.

But expensive as such fuel is, it may be regarded as cheap compared to the prices which some unfortunate foreigners have to pay. Even now coal in London is cheaper than in any other capital in the world. As a whole, it is dearer in France than in any other coal-producing country. In Paris, where Welsh anthracite in the form of "nuts" is a favourite fuel, it often costs £3 to £4 per ton in quantities, and much more when retailed in small lots.

Indeed, in the poorer quarters, the "nuts"—which are specially made of uniform size—are sometimes sold by number, like eggs, at prices approximating to £10 per ton. They are, of course, all used in closed stoves, much in the same way as charcoal.

In many parts of the United States coal, during even normal winters, is very high. Notwithstanding the fact that the States are now the greatest coal producers in the world, fuel is so scarce that it is unprocurable at any price. Thus, not long ago, at Arcola, Illinois, householders became so desperate that they formed a committee, which included several ministers, to seize a train of cars at the depôt loaded with coal, which the agent for the collieries refused to distribute.

The committee, under the superintendence of the chief bank and police officials, took possession of the fuel, and divided it amongst those concerned.

In New York 40s. to 50s. per ton is an average price for household coal; under stress, it has been known to go to 10s. per cwt. There, and elsewhere throughout North America, are people with peculiar fancies in coal, for which they are prepared to pay enormous rates.

RETAILED AT 3d. PER lb.

Thus, there exists a regular, though small, demand for the highest class of Scotch cannels for use in ladies' boudoirs. Until recently these cannels were worth, for gas making, fully £2 per ton at the pit-mouth. When shipped to the States to supply the demand referred to, they had to be specially packed—sometimes in wooden boxes—and the transit charges and duty must have run their total cost, in some instances, well up to £15 per ton ere they reached the fires of the fair dames.

These are not the only coals packed into boxes like manufactured goods. Occasionally the finest smithy coals have been so shipped to distant parts; at one time, for example, to certain of the smaller East African harbours, from which the fuel had to be transported inland on the backs of native carriers.

What it cost at its destination was probably never reckoned out exactly per ton, but per lb. its price was double that of sugar.

South Africa, however, appears to hold the record for high coal prices. In Kimberley twenty years ago, before the railway was made all the way up from the Cape, Welsh qualities regularly sold at £28 per ton, and was retailed at 3d. per pound. Even after the line was completed it fetched £10 per ton, and recently it was quoted at £8, but nowadays little, if any, is required from Wales, native coal having been developed.

WHAT A NON-WINNER SAYS.

By a Persevering Limerick Competitor.

I HAVE noticed many articles in other papers written by the winners of big prizes in limerick competitions, and although this must be very interesting reading for the author himself, it must be rather depressing to those whose names do not appear in the fascinating "list of winners." So I felt it would be a good idea to let you know how, in spite of my failure to win even a consolation prize, I have extracted more than my money's worth of pleasure and profit from my efforts every week.

I am not of a particularly philosophical nature, but I venture to say that I have a certain amount of common-sense and fortunately enjoy a knack of looking at the practical side of things. The result is that I am able to realise what most people fail to do, namely, that the mere fact of undertaking any task, provided it is congenial, must necessarily result in benefit to one's self. So, to begin with, the process of endeavouring to concoct a last line to an unfinished limerick is a splendid form of mental gymnastics. One has to concentrate one's mind on arriving at a certain conclusion, and to do this needs concentration—one of the things necessary to success. All my spare moments during the week are devoted to improving upon lines I have already thought of; and, although I am bound to admit, when *Pearson's Weekly* comes out each Friday, that the winning lines are generally superior to my own, yet I conscientiously feel that my nimble tanner has not been wasted.

Then, again, "last-lining" has become an institution in our family during these dull, wet evenings. There are five of us, and we have great fun sitting round the table helping each other to produce a line which shall be good enough to send in. When the deed is done and the envelope posted, we all feel that we have had more than sixpennyworth of pleasure, and if we have been successful enough to impress the judge with the excellence of our effort, then whatever prize we get will be clear profit.

We do not—like a neighbour of mine imagine that our line each week is the best that can possibly be produced, and that those which get prizes are twaddle; nor do we, like him, growl and grumble and grizzle at the insanity of the judge and the unfairness of every competition in which we do not win a prize. It is that type of man, in my opinion, who spoils competitions, and, at the same time, spoils his own temper.

There are very few pleasures which do not cost money. Limericking is certainly one of the cheapest. Every week five of us get an evening's amusement for 6d. If we went to a theatre there would not have been much change left out of a sovereign.

For eighteen consecutive weeks I have sent a line to *P.W.*, and for eighteen consecutive weeks that line has brought me nothing in prizes, and yet I may candidly say that the last four months have been amongst the pleasantest in my life, and I shall go on entering each week as long as the competition lasts.

I write these few notes, which I hope you will publish, simply to show you that, if one goes the right way to work, one can get pleasure out of everything one does. And, at the same time, I refrain from sending you my name and address for fear you should imagine that I wish to influence you in any way in regard to my future attempts, and so make me appear a cadger in your eyes.

[A very honourable course to take; but, at the same time, we should like to pay you at our usual rates for this article, so we shall be glad if you will communicate with us.—ED.]

A KIND old gentleman, seeing a small boy who was carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, said: "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"

"No; I don't read 'em," replied the lad.

GONE! BOLTED! FLED!

PALLID and trembling, the grief-stricken wife met her husband at the door.

"She is gone!" came the wail from her set lips.

The man's face blanched, and he reeled as if from a heavy blow. Half-dazed, he sank into a chair.

"Gone!" he echoed vaguely.

"Gone," repeated his wife, with a brave effort at self-control. "Oh, what shall I do without her! I had learned to lean upon her so, she was so much to me, and now——" Her courage forsook her quite, and she burst into tears.

Her husband drew her to him.

"Don't weep, dear heart," he said tenderly. "Tell me about it. I had feared that it might happen, but the blow has fallen so suddenly."

The wife raised her head and her eyes flashed fire.

"How did it happen?" she reiterated in a changed voice. "Why, that cat of a Mrs. Jenkins offered her 22s. a month, and no washing or ironing. So, of course, Bridget jumped at it, and left us without notice!"

Rockets have their Useful Side.

ROCKETS were known and used in warfare centuries before the first cannon was made and fired. At the siege of Constantinople, A.D. 673, the Greeks discharged fire through tubes, and so destroyed the hostile Arab fleet.

In a weird old manuscript, now in Paris, called the "Liber Ignium," or Book of Fire, which was penned long previous to the Norman Conquest is a description of how to compound pounded sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal of willow, pack the mixture in a long, narrow case, and discharge it upon the enemy. Nothing more nor less than a war rocket, so it is curious, indeed, that it was not until October, 1806, that war rockets were first used by British forces.

This was in the attack on Boulogne by Commodore Owen. Terrific missiles were Commodore Owen's rockets. They were made of sheet iron, each weighed 32lb., and their range was a mile and a half.

The success of a rocket troop at the battle of Leipzig led to the formation of a regular rocket corps in our Army in the year 1814. These men carried twelve-pounder rockets, which could be laid on the ground and fired. They would then run along the ground, rising and falling for at least 1,200 yards, and even at that distance pierce a six-foot wall of turf, exploding on the far side, and scattering a shower of bullets in every direction.

The Congreve rocket was a wonderful invention. In this a so-called "light ball" detached itself from the rocket at its highest point of flight, and, by means of a small parachute remained suspended in the air.

FOG SIGNALS AND SEARCHLIGHTS.

Fired at night over a besieged town or an enemy's camp, it gave light enough to observe all their movements and dispositions. A modification of the Congreve rocket carried a "floating carcase," a mass of chemicals which took fire on touching anything and burnt with a flame almost impossible to extinguish.

The modern light rocket is largely used both in peace and war. Its head is filled with magnesium fire, which is automatically ignited at the highest point of flight, and throws a fierce glare over a wide tract of country.

Then there is the alarm or detonating rocket, which carries in its head a fog-signal just like those used by lighthouses in time of fog. Coastguardsmen are always supplied with both alarm and light rocket, which are kept carefully wrapped in tarpaulin so as to be ready in all weathers.

Signal rockets are also kept in all coastguard stations, and in sea-going ships. The signal rocket carries a couple of dozen coloured stars—red, green, blue, or white. The cases are painted the colour which the rockets will show in burning.

It is extraordinary the distances at which light rockets can be seen. In a recent experiment a rocket was seen at two places nearly eighty miles apart.

The most useful of all fireworks is, of course, the life-saving rocket. All our coastguards are regularly drilled in the use of these inventions. The life-saving rocket is a twelve-pounder, and its case is of steel. Its stick is nine feet in length. Its power is very great. Without its line, its range is over a thousand yards. Attached to each rocket is a line 1,500 feet long.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

The inventor of the life-saving rocket was Colonel Boxer, of the Royal Artillery, and the rocket is made in two parts, so arranged that when one is burnt out the other takes fire and carries the line onwards. Once the line is across a ship it is, of course, a simple matter for the crew to haul aboard the hawser with the breeches buoy and a board which contains in three languages directions for use.

Buoyant rockets are to be found in all lighthouses which stand on dangerous rocks.

These are large, clumsy-looking arrangements coated with cork, yet powerful enough to carry a 1¼-inch rope to a distance of a hundred yards. Many lives have been saved by means of these queer rockets.

A form of rocket has been devised for dropping oil on rough water. These are used more in America than in the United Kingdom. Almost exactly two years ago (on November 15th, 1905), a wrecked vessel was saved off Long Island by dropping oil rockets around her until the lifeboat could take off her people.

On the same principle is an invention for dropping liquefied carbonic acid gas upon fires. The idea of the inventor is that the heart of a fire can be reached more quickly and easily by means of a rocket than in any other way. The fire extinguishing rocket has been patented in the United States.

Are you fond of babies? Ten of the most beautiful baby pictures in the world are reproduced in this month's PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

"BLURRED LIGHTS."—NO. VII. *Concluded.* NEW SERIES.

THE GREAT IMPOSTOR.

The Story of the Tichborne Claimant told by

DICK DONOVAN.

ROGER CHARLES TICHBORNE, heir to the Tichborne title and estate, is wrecked in the vessel *Bella*. Everyone believes him to have perished except his mother, who advertises for him. An Australian butcher named Castro sees the advertisement and claims that he is the missing man, and though an uneducated, vulgar person, many influential people believe in him. The case is taken to the courts. Meanwhile, detectives employed by the Tichborne family discover that Castro and Arthur Orton, formerly of Wapping, are one and the same person, and this loses him a good deal of support.

FIVE YEARS OF LUXURY.

SOON afterwards the butcher became bankrupt, but with the assistance of another solicitor he issued "Tichborne Bonds," and, by the sale of these to a gullible public, he once more found himself in possession of large sums. Still continuing to live on the best of everything, and to pander to his gross wants, he waxed fatter and fatter, until he turned the scale at 25 stone.

For five years this monster had had a glorious time of it. He had resided in first-class hotels, he smoked the best cigars, drank the costliest wines, dressed in the height of fashion, and had succeeded in drawing the eyes of the whole world to himself.

His portrait had appeared in all the illustrated papers; thousands of columns of matter had been printed about him; his photograph was on sale in every print shop in the kingdom. For the humble Wagga Wagga butcher to have accomplished all this in five years wasn't a bad record, and it proved how relatively easy it is to gull people.

The curtain now rises on a new act. On May 11th, 1871, the claimant's case was opened at Westminster Hall before Chief Justice Bovill and a special jury. It was an iniquitous thing that five years should have been required to bring the matter to this stage; but, of course, it had been a gold-mine to the lawyers; consequently, they were in no hurry to close it down, notwithstanding that the lawful heir to the estates was being impoverished for the rest of his life.

The plaintiff's leading counsel was Serjeant Ballantine, who was supported by Mr. Hardinge Giffard, Q.C., Pollard, and Rose. Opposed to this array of legal force was Henry Hawkins, admitted to be the most terrible cross-examiner living, and a host in himself. He was backed up by Sir John Coleridge (who had just been made Solicitor-General) and Sir George Honeyman, Chapman Barber, and several others of the rank and file.

THE TERRIBLE HENRY HAWKINS.

It was in the very early stages of this trial that the plaintiff made the most dastardly and abominable reflections upon the virtue of Miss Kate Doughty, who had become a Mrs. Radcliffe. Coleridge took the claimant in hand, and for sixteen days subjected him to the scalpel of cross-examination. The amazing ignorance, the stupidity, the low cunning, and the folly of the claimant were laid bare during that cross-examination. He declared that he had learnt Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but when asked if he knew the Greek and Hebrew alphabets, he confessed that he did not. He translated *Laus Deo semper*, as "The laws of God for ever," and declared that a quadrangle was a staircase. His mind was a blank with regard to his military career. He could not remember the name of a single officer he had associated with. He described an orderly as "A fellow whose duty it is to see that the stables are kept tidy, and that sort of thing." The Christian name of the Dowager Lady Tichborne he pronounced *Felicee*, instead of Félicité.

It will be borne in mind by the reader that Mr. Baigent, who was described as an archæologist of Winchester, and an intimate friend of the Tichbornes, espoused the claimant's cause from the time he arrived in England. As Baigent was supposed to be an authority and a man of substance, he had been the means of exercising an extraordinary amount of influence over public opinion in favour of the butcher. But when Baigent went into the witness-box and was taken in hand by the terrible Hawkins, the poor archæologist, after long, weary hours of torture, went to pieces. The counsel pulverised him, and proved that he was absolutely unreliable.

For eleven days the archæologist was under cross-examination. His feelings during the ordeal can be summed up in his own words. He thought that the ancient instruments of torture known as "the rack, the thumbscrew, and the scavenger's daughter, were harmless" as compared with Hawkins' methods.

The claimant himself had already utterly destroyed his own cause by proving in the fierce light of the law court that he who claimed to have been a pupil in a celebrated college, and an officer in a crack cavalry regiment, was without even a smattering of education. He could not spell; he was ignorant of even the most rudimentary knowledge of English grammar, and though Roger Tichborne had been brought up in France, and when sixteen years of age could not speak English, the claimant was unable to pronounce so simple a French name as Félicité.

Then, when Baigent came upon the scene as the principal witness to support the butcher's claim, he only added to the *débâcle*, and his evidence still further exposed the claimant's ignorance.

Witness after witness was put into the box in a despairing endeavour to bolster up the claimant; but everyone retired discredited after Hawkins had done with him. And when at last the case for the great impostor was closed, Sir John Coleridge opened for the defendants in one of the most wonderful speeches ever heard in a court of law. He spoke of the "cunning and audacious schemes of a conspirator, a perjurer, a forger, an impostor, and a villain," and he declared that he was able to lay before the jury hundreds of facts, each indisputable, each conclusive, each inconsistent with the story told by the plaintiff, each convicting him of a fraud, a lie, a crime on a scale of wickedness hitherto unexampled, as far as he knew, in the annals of English law courts

ARTHUR ORTON UNMASKED.

Coleridge proceeded with merciless logic to unmask the plaintiff, and by irrefutable argument to prove that the man who swore he was Roger Tichborne and claimed to be entitled to the name of an old and honoured family, and to enjoy vast estates, was none other than Arthur Orton, the Wapping butcher, who had posed as Thomas Castro in Australia, and been convicted of horse stealing in Hobart.

Among the witnesses for the defence was Mrs. Radcliffe, *née* Kate Doughty. With fiery indignation she denied the claimant's cowardly imputation against her honour, and tore to shreds all his statements with regard to his connection with her.

At last the jury intimated that they wanted no more evidence, and on the hundred-and-second day of this remarkable trial it practically came to a close. The leading counsel for the claimant made a final desperate effort to save his cause, and he endeavoured to obtain an adjournment.

Failing in that, he consented to a non-suit, and the Chief Justice Bovill sprung a mine. Many had been sprung during the hearing of the case, but the effects of this one were more dramatic than any that had gone before. He ordered the claimant to be taken into custody there and then. The date was March 6th, 1872, and the butcher was forthwith conveyed to Newgate Prison, but was released in the course of a day or two on very heavy bail.

THE PUBLIC STILL BELIEVE IN HIM.

Wonderful to relate, the claimant still had a powerful following, including Mr. Guilford Onslow, the M.P., who spent his fortune freely in the impostor's lost cause. It may be safely assumed that from the very first the claimant knew he was not likely to succeed in his preposterous suit, and though he could not have been indifferent to the strong probabilities that his perjury would land him in penal servitude, he was of opinion that the game was worth the candle.

An uncultivated, coarse-minded butcher as he was, he had had five years of clover. During those five years he had lived the life of a wealthy man. Money had poured into his coffers, and he had spent it lavishly, and now he was to have another year of freedom and luxury. During the year he was on bail he enjoyed himself immensely. He was a constant attendant at pigeon shooting matches, a form of sport that appealed strongly to his low instincts.

He went about the country making speeches in his own interests, and declaring that he was a persecuted man, and the credulous public to whom he appealed believed in him. His trial for perjury did not begin until April 22nd, 1873. Here, again, it is difficult to understand why a whole year should have been wasted before the curtain was raised on the final act.

The trial was at Bar before a special jury. The judges were Chief Justice Cockburn, Justices Mellor and Lush. Coleridge and Hawkins still appeared for the Tichborne family, and the defence was in the hands of Dr. Kenealy, Q.C., a clever, fiery, irrepressible Irishman, and Mr. Patrick McMahon, M.P.

For 188 days this trial dragged on its slow, wearying length, and all the time the protagonist was still living on the fat of the land, and for the time was one of the most notable personages in England. The newspapers devoted pages to him, and from John o' Groat's to the Land's End his features were familiar by means of photographs and portraits in the illustrated journals.

FOURTEEN YEARS PENAL SERVITUDE.

Witnesses by the score were put into the box to prove that Castro and Orton were the same man, and that Arthur Orton was the Wapping butcher. An old sweetheart, Mary Ann Loder, came from Wapping and established his identity beyond all doubt.

The evidence against him was overwhelming. Dr. Kenealy, who seems to have taken up the case as a partisan, abused every privilege of the Bar in his despairing efforts to turn the tide in favour of his client. The "scenes" which this gentleman made in court have scarcely any parallel, and amazing passages at arms occurred between him and Chief Justice Cockburn, whom he hinted was a partial and unfair judge.

He hurled charges of perjury at the heads of all the opposing witnesses, and declared in impassioned language that his "unfortunate client" was the victim of a horrible conspiracy, which would for ever destroy the belief in the fairness of English law.

Kenealy's speech was one of the sensations of a sensational trial. Every legal man present listened with consternation depicted on his features. During Kenealy's vitriolic outburst Cockburn sat apparently unmoved, but when the judge began to sum up he administered a rebuke to the Irishman which must have astonished him. He charged him with combining cowardice with insult, and said that the court had been bearded and insulted in a flagrant manner. Proceeding to deal with the prisoner he left the jury in no doubt as to the opinion he entertained for him.

The jury did not take long to make up their minds, and the claimant was found guilty on two counts. The verdict was one of seven years' penal servitude on each count, fourteen years in all. Arthur Orton had had seven years of luxury, ease, and plenty. It was all over now, and he passed from the gaze of the world for the time being to the terrible life of a penal servitude convict. A sequel to this dramatic trial was that Kenealy was disbarred by the Benchers of Gray's Inn for his unparalleled conduct during the hearing of the case.

This was by no means the last of the gigantic imposture. Thousands of silly people continued to declare their belief in the butcher. He was none other than Roger Tichborne, they said. Sir Henry Hawkins was hooted in the street, and when the general election came on in 1874, the Tichborne case was made a rallying cry. As a Tichborne candidate, Dr. Kenealy stood for Stoke-on-Trent, and was elected by the overwhelming majority of 2,000. He used every means at his command to reopen the case and have a new trial. He founded a paper called the ENGLISHMAN, in which he started an agitation, and kept it going for a long time. But it all ended in smoke. People began to grow aweary at last of the Tichborne claimant. Then, in 1880, poor, fiery Dr. Kenealy died, and with him passed all interest in the remarkable case.

DEATH AMIDST SQUALOR AND MISERY.

Four years later the claimant was liberated. He was only a little less stout than when he disappeared behind the prison walls, but his hair was grey, his face was the face of an aged man. He had no following now. He was an outcast, and despised. For years he eked out a precarious living by exhibiting himself in public-houses. Lower and lower he sank, and, at last, feeling that his end was drawing near, he confessed through the columns of a weekly paper that he was the real Arthur Orton, and that he had been encouraged to go on with the imposture, when the Dowager Lady Tichborne declared in Paris that he was her son.

Not very long afterwards Arthur Orton, the Wapping butcher, who had made his name known throughout the civilised world, who had impoverished the Tichborne estates, driven many people mad, put hundreds of thousands of pounds into the pockets of the lawyers, ruined the reputation of Dr. Kenealy and a score of others who had professed belief in him, was a broken and weary man, friendless and penniless.

And in a squalid lodging near the Edgware Road the great impostor ended his strange and troubled life a few years ago. No fiction that has ever been written could excel in human interest this astounding record of gullibility, deceit, and fraud.

Next week—"The Career of Robson, Foot and Criminal."

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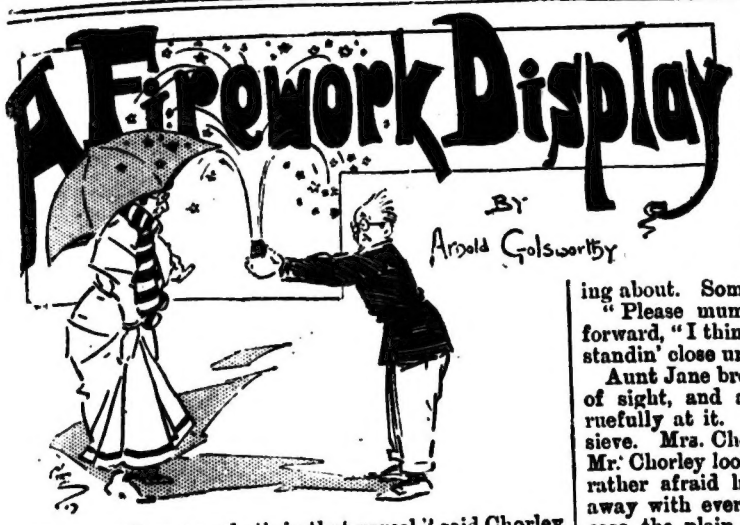


"You won't guess what's in that parcel," said Chorley to his wife, as he deposited the object in question on one of the hall chairs, and proceeded to take off his overcoat.

Mrs. Chorley looked at the square-shaped package for a moment, and finding herself none the wiser, she said:

"What is it?"

"Fireworks," said Mr. Chorley. "They were sellin' 'em off half-price in the City to-day, and so I got a few, just to amuse you and Aunt Jane."

"But we don't know how to let them off," said Mrs. Chorley.

"No more do I, for the matter of that," replied her husband. "But there's full instructions given away with every box. The man told me so. We'll all go out in the garden after dinner and have some fun with them."

About nine o'clock, after having carefully studied the printed instructions given away with every box, Chorley announced that he was ready to begin. Aunt Jane put on her goloshes, and opened her umbrella to keep off the worst of the east wind, and followed Chorley to the lawn under the impression that the record of the Crystal Palace for this kind of thing was about to be very badly broken. Mrs. Chorley having thrown a shawl over her shoulders and anchored one of her husband's cricket-caps to her head with about five hat-pins, hurried after them, imploring them not to begin till she was quite ready. Finally Mary Ann, on the tip-toe of expectation, brought up the rear.

The first display, Chorley announced, would be the ascent of a sky rocket. The enjoyment of the spectacle was not, however, so complete as it might have been. Chorley had planted a bottle in the ground as a socket for the stick in the usual way, and his interested audience had gathered closely round him. Immediately after applying the match he stepped back hurriedly in order to get out of the danger zone, and his heel came down with a fatal precision on Aunt Jane's corn—the one she kept to tell her whether it was going to rain or not.

Aunt Jane gave a squeal of agony and caught Chorley a smack that frayed all his whiskers out on one side. Mrs. Chorley, moved into active compassion at the sight of her aunt's sufferings, added a vigorous thump on her own account, and while Chorley was explaining that he was the victim of circumstances, the rocket had spent itself in the branches of a distant tree.

As soon as order had been restored, Chorley said he would show them a firework that you didn't have to be so careful about. It was called "golden rain," and could be held in the hand while it was at work. Aunt Jane sniffed a little at the news as if she had her doubts about it; but finding that after the first explosion there seemed to be no danger in the shower of fire, she was prevailed upon to come nearer to it so that none of its beauties should be missed.

She caught Chorley a smack that frayed all his whiskers out on one side.

"And now," said Chorley, "we'll try a catherine wheel. You see——"

"Can't you smell something burning, Henry?" interrupted Aunt Jane.

"It's the gunpowder and stuff in the fireworks," explained Chorley. "They always——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" snapped Aunt Jane, shaking her petticoats vigorously to satisfy herself that she hadn't caught light anywhere without knowing it. "I know what I'm talking about. Something *is* burning."

"Please mum," volunteered Mary Ann, stepping forward, "I think it must be the umberella. You was standin' close under——"

Aunt Jane brought her umbrella down into the line of sight, and a big sob escaped her as she looked ruefully at it. The golden rain had riddled it like a sieve. Mrs. Chorley said it was a great shame, while Mr. Chorley looked very contrite and unhappy, and was rather afraid he had misread the instructions given away with every box. This, however, was hardly the case, the plain fact being that if you thrust an open umbrella into the midst of a shower of sparks, it is likely to get rather badly burnt, whether the instructions say so or not.

In order to avoid being drawn into the heated discussion between the ladies as to whose fault it is when fire burns inflammable material, Mr. Chorley went a little way up the garden, and let off another rocket all by himself. This time success crowned his efforts. The two ladies left off wrangling to admire the effect, while even the hardened and sceptical Mary Ann was betrayed into a murmur of applause. Thus encouraged, Chorley came back to the group, and said he would show them some of the squibs.

Aunt Jane shook her clothes vigorously to satisfy herself that she hadn't caught light anywhere.

According to the instructions given away with every box, you light the squib and hold it in your hand for a moment while it emits a pleasing and beautiful shower of sparks. You then throw it high in the air, when it will explode with a loud report. Care must, however, be taken not to hold the squib too long, as these things have been known to go off prematurely, and to remove a couple of the operator's fingers at the same time.

Chorley was nothing if not careful. He lit the squib and threw it away at once. Instead, however, of soaring in the air, and emitting a pleasing shower of fire, the squib fell among the cabbages at the bottom of the garden, and squirted out a stream of sparks several yards long. Then the explosion occurred, and at the same moment a wild yawp of pain rang out in the night, as the novelists say, and a black, quivering thing shot through the air, moaning like a lost soul in anguish, and disappeared over Mr. Wimbleby's fence.

Aunt Jane gave a gasp of horror, as she was a firm believer in ghosts, and she knew for a fact that if you injure one of them in any way it will always have its revenge on you sooner or later. She explained this scientific detail to Chorley in a tone that was tremulous with vague apprehension.

Chorley was, however, better informed. He ridiculed the ghost theory and explained that the effect of the squib had been no more than to put sudden activity into a stray cat, and that it served the thing right for coming and roosting among his cabbages. As, however, Aunt Jane was obviously affected by the experience, he felt it his duty to do something to liven her up a little.

"Look here," he said. "I'll show you something that will amuse you, and cheer you up a bit. Here's a thing they call a 'cracker.' You light it and it hops about in a playful manner on the ground, causing roars of fun and laughter. It says so in the instructions."

Aunt Jane gave a sigh of resignation, and cast a side-long glance at the spot where the black apparition had disappeared a moment previously, as though she dreaded that it might be coming back to discuss the matter with them. She was not attending very much to what Chorley was saying, and she didn't quite realise what he was doing as he lit a cracker and threw it on the ground.

The cracker, as is usual with things of the kind, went off with a bang. Then it jumped close to Auntie's feet and banged again. Auntie gave a scream and bolted, but the cracker hopped remorselessly after her. If she stepped this side or that, it was there almost as soon as she was. She appealed to Chorley to stop the thing, assuring him that she knew that this was going to happen, as she had had a foreboding of it.

"Take it away! Take it away!" she cried, as she shook her petticoats desperately and tried to dodge the persistent thing.

A black quivering thing shot through the air moaning like a lost soul in anguish.

"It's all right," explained Chorley. "It won't hurt you."

Mrs. Chorley appealed to her husband to stop the entertainment, and ran after Aunt Jane herself, with no particular object in view beyond showing her sympathy. Chorley, declaring that it was all nonsense, snatched off his cap nevertheless, for the sake of peace, and tried to catch the cracker as an urchin chases a butterfly, while Aunt Jane became quite hysterical over it. The amusement, however, died away a moment later of its own accord, the cracker having cracked itself out.

"Take me indoors," panted Aunt Jane, when she was satisfied that the danger was over for the moment. "I shall never sleep to-night. I know I shan't."

Aunt Jane was taken indoors accordingly, while Chorley ruefully gathered up the remains of his fireworks and followed the procession.

The next morning Chorley came down to see how the garden was getting on after the display, and for the moment he could hardly believe his eyes. The lawn was moulting in patches like a sick canary, the cabbages were scarred by a long black line, and the flower-beds were littered in a most depressing way with scraps of burnt paper and dead ashes.

Then, all at once Mr. Wimbleby's cat limped into the picture. He came down the gravel path with a forlorn air as if he trusted he would not be noticed by any of his lady friends, and gazed at Chorley for a moment in a sad, reproachful way. The exploding squib had ploughed a bald spot all along his back, and he seemed to be walking in two directions at once, owing to the fact that nearly all his whiskers on one side had been singed off, and he missed the guidance they had hitherto given him.

Chorley looked at the poor thing for a moment, and then he heard Wimbleby's voice calling "Puss, Puss!" from next door. As he felt that the cat's condition was one that it would be difficult to explain satisfactorily in a few words, he hurried indoors in the hope that time might help to soften the blow.

(Another of Mr. Chorley's adventures will be related next week.)

NO GENTLEMAN.

An ardent clubman once lost an umbrella and resolved to draw attention to the circumstance. He caused the following notice to be put up in the entrance hall: "The nobleman who took away an umbrella not his own on such a date is requested to return it."

The club committee took umbrage at this statement, and summoned the member who had composed it before them. "Why, sir," they asked, "should you suppose that a nobleman has taken your umbrella?"

"Well," he replied, "the first article in the club rule says that 'this club is to be composed of noblemen and gentlemen,' and since the person who stole my umbrella could not have been a gentleman, he must have been a nobleman."

MERELY DEDUCTION.

The fair amateur palmist looked at the left hand of the sweet young girl long and earnestly.

Breathlessly she waited for the palmist's next words.

"Ah! I see by your hand that you are engaged to be married," said the palmist.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed the bride-to-be.

"And," continued the reader of the future and the past, in a more cutting tone, "I see that you are engaged to Mr. Loony."

"Oh, it's perfectly extraordinary!" burst out the blushing girl. "How could you know that?"

"By my long study of the science," was the reply.

"But surely the lines in my hand cannot tell you the na——"

"Who said anything about lines?" replied the prophetic one, with withering scorn. "You are wearing the engagement-ring I returned him three weeks ago!"

If you enjoy a laugh at your own expense, don't miss "How John Bull appears to Paris" in this month's PEARSON'S. Crushing, but comic.

Picked Pars.

Epicures.

Fish and potato pie not being relished by some of the inmates of the Truro Workhouse, it has been determined that experimentally the Friday's dinner for the next six weeks shall consist of rabbits. "As an alternative diet," suggested a sarcastic guardian, "try pheasants!"

"Where Do You Wander?"

A gander belonging to a Holbeach man is making a companion of a cow in quite a remarkable way. It follows the cow down to the field every morning, and also follows it when it goes to be milked, and the two can be seen going through the town of Holbeach twice a day.

We are Seven.

Jethou, one of the Channel Islands, is the smallest inhabited island in Europe, and in its entire length and breadth of about three square miles it has but one inhabited house. It has a population of about seven, is without roads of any sort, and has no mail.

Dog as a Fire Alarm.

Awakened by the loud and incessant barking of his dog, a Lavenham (Suffolk) engine-driver named Cansell looked through the window, and saw flames arising from a barn on adjoining premises. Damage to the extent of over £200 was done, but much more property would have been destroyed but for the dog's sagacity.

Sportsman and Gentleman!

Hearing that a lion had made off with a pig at Morogoro, East Africa, the manager of a German club left a banquet and pursued the lion in evening dress, but it escaped.

Slept in the Jury Box.

A juryman at the Monmouth Quarter Sessions slept during the hearing of most of a case. Counsel refused to accept the verdict of eleven men, and a retrial was ordered.

Hard Tack!

The articles taken from the stomach of a shark captured at Coney Island included a piece of granite, a ship's hammer made of iron, a revolver, several boots, and a piece of plate glass.

New York's Happy Homes.

Within a short time two of New York's office buildings will have a combined population of 30,000. These are the Singer building, forty-one storeys, and the City Investing building, thirty-five storeys high.

Granny's Baccy.

To the Towcester Guardians a woman inmate of the workhouse, aged eighty-four, appealed for an allowance of tobacco. She said she had smoked for seventy-one years, and missed her pipe very much since entering the house. She could not digest her food. The board consented.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Earned Their Keep.

The 1,561 prisoners in Chelmsford Gaol earned £2,709 during the last twelve months. Their maintenance cost £2,405 during the same period.

Ungrateful.

A young seal, captured off the north coast of Cornwall, and fed by means of a baby's bottle, has died from pneumonia in the Plymouth Aquarium.

Cock-a-doodle Champion.

One of the attractions at the Silverton (Devonshire) carnival was a cock-crowing contest, for which six birds were entered. The prize was awarded to a noisy bird, who crowed fifty times within a quarter of an hour.

Rose's Record.

Miss Rose Fritz has beaten the world's record in type-writing in New York. The young lady copied from a manuscript 5,619 words in one hour, or an average of just over ninety-three and a half words per minute.

Bad Shot.

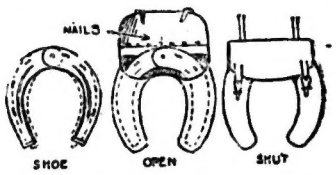
The noon mail train from Chester to Holyhead the other day failed to catch the mail-bag hung out on the apparatus near Holywell Station. The bag fell under the train, and its contents were either cut to pieces by the wheels of the carriages or scattered over the adjoining fields.

Picture Pars. *(See footline.)*

A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls. Price One Shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

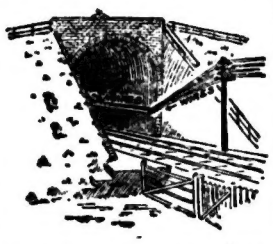
A FRIEND TO HUNTING MEN.

In addition to such necessities as a flask, a sandwich-tin, and a cigar-case, most hunting men carry with them a spare horseshoe. This is not for luck, but in case the horse should pull off one of his shoes in jumping. It is inclosed in a small leather case attached to the saddle. By means of a joint in the centre it can be made to fit different sized feet, so in a case of emergency it can be lent to a friend. By means of a few nails, which are also included in the case, and a hammer, which can always be obtained at the nearest farmhouse, the shoe can be put on firmly enough to take the foundered horseman home.



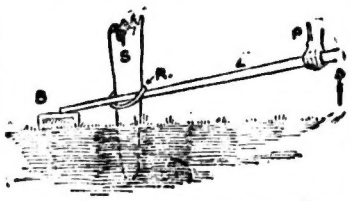
WIRES IN A TUNNEL.

Have you ever noticed what happens to the telegraph wires at the side of a railway when they arrive at a tunnel? Instead of being carried over the top as many people imagine, they are actually taken through the tunnel, although they cannot be seen from the window of the carriage. A close scrutiny of the brick-work at the side, however, will reveal the presence of a small box-like arrangement about 6in. square running from one end of the tunnel to the other. This box contains the wires. Not only does it protect them from the soot and grime caused by the engine, but it also effects a considerable economy in space compared with the ordinary method of carrying wires. In view of the limited accommodation which a tunnel affords this is an important consideration.



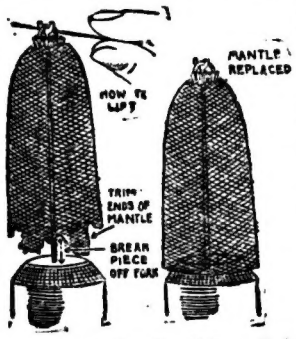
PULLING UP STUMPS.

Anyone who has tried to pull a firmly-rooted stump out of the ground will know how obstinately it can resist the most strenuous attempts at removal. This picture illustrates a simple but effective method of accomplishing the business. Over the stump S drop a stout loop of rope R, and through it pass a strong bar of wood L, allowing about three quarters of its entire length to remain on one side. Rest the short end on a brick, or some other hard piece of material at B. Then, by applying an upward pull at P, an immensely powerful leverage is obtained, and the most reluctant stump will be effectually removed.



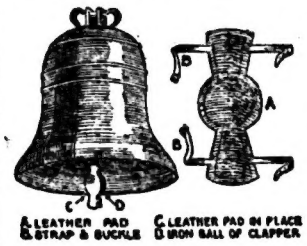
TO ECONOMISE IN MANTLES.

When an incandescent mantle begins to fray and split, the light, as most people have found to their annoyance, is considerably reduced. Instead of replacing it with a new one, however, one can, by a little judicious manipulation, keep it in use for some time longer. The mantle should be lifted off with a hatpin, as in the illustration, and the broken ends carefully trimmed with a pair of scissors until they are straight. Then take out the fork and break off a piece sufficient to lower the shortened mantle to the ordinary level. When it is replaced, the light will be found equal to that given by a new mantle.



MUFFLED PEALS.

The picture illustrates the manner in which a church bell is treated, when the sad necessity arises for a half-muffled peal. A is the leather muffle, which is padded with paper or some other material until it has obtained the required density of tone. B is the strap and buckle by which it is attached to one side of the clapper as shown at C, the unprotected side of the iron ball appearing at D. As the bell swings it produces one clear blow and one muffled alternately. Fully muffled peals are rung with the clappers of all the bells padded on both sides. A good effect is produced by leaving the tenor or heaviest bell half muffled as in the illustration.



HOUSES IN BANDS.

When walking about in a colliery district one may often come across a village where nearly every house has two iron bands tightly screwed round its walls as in the picture. These are no reflection upon the skill of the builder. They merely indicate that a seam is being worked immediately underneath, and were it not for the support which they afford, no building would be able to withstand the vibration caused by the blasting. Even as it is, where the inside walls are unpapered, great cracks frequently appear in the plaster and whitewash. The outside girders, however, prevent further damage.

Pars about Players.

J. Whiting (Chelsea).

Whiting is not what one would call a polished goalkeeper perhaps, but whatever he lacks in style he amply makes up for in dash and daring; indeed, many critics think that he is very often too prone to taking risks, thereby endangering his charge unduly.

Certainly his way of rushing pell-mell out of his goal on the slightest provocation may at times bring the hearts of ardent Chelsea supporters into their mouths, but it is really not quite so risky as it may seem from the ring.

It is, in fact, just as natural to him as running out to a bowler is to Jessop, or as taking a curve at lightning speed is to Edge.

He simply has the knack of taking risks—successfully.

Whiting is generally known as "Pom-pom," a name that came from his cannon-shot-like method of kicking and fisting the ball out of goal, and, as he is still quite young, he may look forward to a long and distinguished career.

G. S. Harris (Corinthians).

It is very unfortunate that the Corinthians should have retired from football of the highest class, for it means, among other things, that a number of fine players will no longer be as prominently before the public as formerly.

G. S. Harris, who has taken the brilliant amateurs' centre-forward position during the last two seasons, for instance, is one whose clever play will be much missed.

It may justly be claimed for Harris that he is among the best half-dozen "centres" of the day, and, although he has not the same genius for the game as his predecessor, G. O. Smith, had, he, nevertheless, makes an admirable pivot to a line which includes S. H. Day on his right and S. S. Harris (who is no relation to him, by the way) on his left.

Last season he signed League forms for Derby County, but now, owing to the "split," he will have to content himself with football of a much different class.

L. Skene (Fulham).

Fulham seem to have a special penchant for including University men in their ranks.

Last season, for instance, they had the skilful but much misunderstood R. C. Hamilton, M.A., at centre-forward, and now that that fine player has returned to his native country, they have got Leslie Skene, who is a medical student, to keep goal for them.

And an excellent goalkeeper the old Queen's Park and Edinburgh University amateur is, too.

Rather short and not at all robustly built, Skene presents a very different figure from that of the unfortunate Fayer, whose position he has taken under the bar.

But, despite his physical drawbacks, it takes a very smart shot to escape him, for he is as active as a cat and as nimble as a trick gymnast; while, as befits an embryo surgeon, he has no nerves and is quick and decisive in all his actions.

H. S. Stapley (West Ham.)

A clever, thrustful, determined player, a good shot, and a man who always has both eyes open for the main chance—such is Harry Stapley, the young amateur who operates at centre-forward for the West Ham team.

Not over fast—indeed, speed is not a noticeable point about the West Ham front rank—he relies upon clever dribbling and short, sharp passes to bring him into the opposing goal mouth, and, once there, upon his ability to seize his opportunities to carry him through. And very smartly does he usually take these—a fact to which most Southern League goalkeepers will readily subscribe, no doubt.

Stapley is a schoolmaster by profession, chemistry being his *forte*, and a club cricketer of distinct ability. If the fates and the Selection Committee be kind, he should gain an International cap before he retires.

W. Meredith (Manchester United).

It is very doubtful if football has ever had a cleverer outside-right than William Meredith. Bassett and Atherson, of former days, and Rutherford and Walton, at their best to-day, are, of course, all names to conjure with, but Meredith is the equal, if not the superior, of them all.

This season he has been showing brilliant form in almost every game, and those who have ever had the good fortune to see him "on his day" will readily understand what this means. For an outside man his control over the ball, his powers of dribbling, and his amazing footwork generally betoken something very near the ideal in football; and it is small wonder that he is the most feared forward of the present day.

Meredith, who is, as his name implies, a Welshman, has over a score of International caps; he is thirty-one years of age, and he invariably carries a toothpick in his mouth while playing. He was one of the famous "suspends" in the notorious Manchester City case.

A Few Facts About Well-known Footballers.

A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

STARTS TO-DAY. STARTS TO-DAY.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

By JOHN K. PROTHERO.

Author of "In the Grip of Fate."

CHAPTER ONE.

The Feast of Mammon.

SIR DOUGLAS BLYTHE welcomed his guests in the reception-rooms of his mansion in Park Lane with that easy geniality that made him famous as a host. It was a large and notable gathering. Women, the most beautiful and brilliant in society; men, distinguished in letters, famous in politics, financiers of world-wide repute, thronged the rooms—gorgeous with rich velvet hangings and rare exotics, opulent with Persian rugs and priceless paintings—pressing forward one and all towards the ante-chamber, where, the centre of an admiring group, Sir Douglas held his court.

Short, thick-set, not to say stout, with laughing blue eyes and a flexible mouth, he was the incarnation of conviviality. His face rippled with smiles, his figure radiated welcome. A man of great wealth, greater personality, he had taken London by storm on his accession to the title five years before, and had held good his capture ever since.

The reception that evening was held in honour of an Indian prince. Stately in robes of Oriental magnificence, the stranger excited curiosity and admiration, but even his dark, romantic figure could not compete with the attraction of the soft-tongued, quick-witted baronet.

His wife, a tall, statuesque beauty in white velvet and gleaming rubies, did not share his popularity. She received her guests without a trace of the vivacity that marked her husband. Her cold smile repelled you, the touch of her fingers chilled you. People avoided Lady Blythe.

"You are ill, Rosalie?" her husband asked expressively. She had just snubbed a duchess, notorious for her diamonds and lack of reputation, with more than usual hauteur.

"Merely bored," she answered calmly.

"Have the grace, at least, to assume an interest," he said softly.

"Why should I? It is quite against my inclination to see these people at all. Your friends are not particularly entertaining," she added scornfully. "The men are stupid, the women"—she shrugged her shoulders and glanced at the retreating figure of the wicked and delightful duchess with disdain.

Sir Douglas eyed her narrowly. There had come a lull in the stream of guests; he slipped her hand within his arm and led her to a lounge, bending over her with a look of solicitude that thrilled a romantic and susceptible *débutante*, watching him with appreciative eyes.

"Give me your fan," he said slowly. "So—we can talk unobserved. You will be kind, Rosalie, and entertain my guests?" he asked in a caressing voice, fanning her dexterously. "You can be charming when you choose; you must so choose to-night."

"I will not," she answered defiantly. "I agreed to receive these people, not to amuse them." The rich colour flushed her cheeks, her eyes flamed, she grew suddenly beautiful, a statue warmed to life. But, though her words rang defiance, her voice was low and soft, silken as his own.

"I may remind you, your will before now has had to bend to mine," he said gently. "There are reasons why I wish to-night to be a marked success. I have political ambitions—legitimate, even you must admit. Lord Cressingham is here and disposed to further my aims. Need I say more?"

The colour deepened in her cheeks. Her scarlet lips twitched with a vivid, biting scorn.

"Oh, you are matchless in your audacity! You speak to me—to *me* of legitimate ambitions! I will not lift a finger to help you. I will not move a step to further your aims."

"You are mistaken. In less than half an hour you will be smiling your best, flashing the lightning of your eyes on an enraptured politician. Lord Cressingham is susceptible, Rosalie. You must grant him a *tête-à-tête*."

"You are pleased to be enigmatical," she answered. "The performance wearies me. I am going to bed." She rose, her face set in its old look of weary apathy, cold disdain.

"A moment." He smiled at her adoringly for the benefit of the onlookers, arranging the lace scarf about her shoulders. Then in a quick, sibilant voice spoke into her ear.

"You will remain and entertain Lord Cressingham, or"—his fingers under cover of the lace gripped her arm—"or I may find it necessary to insist upon an explanation of your strange and sudden affection for a remote fishing village on the coast of Norfolk. . . . For Heaven's sake control yourself," as a cry broke from her lips; "you forced me to it, Rosalie. A little faintness," he turned to reassure his guests, "nothing to be alarmed at, I assure you, Duchess, Lady Blythe's not strong. No, please don't trouble," as a crowd of fluttering petticoats surrounded them, "the rooms are hot; she will be all right directly."

Deftly he piloted his wife, still white though outwardly controlled, through the fashionable crowd, pausing by the side of a girl in yellow, whose dark, piquante face lit up at his approach.

"Your aunt's ill, Betty," he said softly, "you must play hostess for the next half hour. Start them dancing at once, instead of later. It will stop comment."

In the coolness of the corridor Rosalie revived.

"Come into my den," said her husband gently. He opened the door of a cosy room bright with a wood fire. "What, still recalcitrant?" as she drew back. "You're a child, Rosalie," and like a child he picked her up and carried her in his arms to a comfortable armchair. "Take this," he held some brandy to her lips. "Again," as she sipped the drink. "That's better. Now wrap yourself up"—he laid a shawl upon her shoulders—"and let me take off your shoes and warm your feet. You're like a lump of ice." He knelt before her and slipped off the satin slippers, chafing the slender feet with soft and delicate touch.

"You have adorable ankles, Rosalie." He stooped and kissed her lightly on the instep. She drew back shuddering.

"Your touch blisters my soul," she said.

He rose with a laugh and a shrug, but his face had reddened.

"Your tongue is sharp as ever, Rosalie," he said. "It does not mellow like your beauty. No one would think we had been married four-and-twenty years to look at you. You have the bloom of girlhood on your cheeks."

"And the heart of the most miserable woman upon earth. What have you to tell me?" She rose swiftly, overtopping him by inches. "What lies behind your threat? Oh, you can speak now. I'm strong enough to bear it. What do you know of—of my visit to Norfolk?"

He looked her steadily in the eyes, his own narrowed to points of steel.

"It was to the village of Halling, in Norfolk, you sent our son," he answered, "the baby whom you swore had died. You let me grieve for him, Rosalie, for twenty-three years; you let my sorrow harden my heart, let my anguish quicken to bitterness within me. You told me he was dead. You had lost him, you said, through some childish ailment while I was abroad. You led me to his grave with a matchless, a pitiless deceit I could not emulate. You let me cry out for him, my son, my boy, and stood by with a face of marble, a heart of steel. You hid him in the village, kept him with foster-folk, who, at your bidding, called him 'son.' My son, my heir, was taught to call a village yokel 'father.' And I believed you, I grieved for you—Rosalie, you were hard, a cruel woman even then."

"Hard, cruel!" she faced him proudly. "What was your grief to mine? Your longing to the hunger that tore at my heart, for the boy I'd borne, the child I'd brought into the world. And yet I starved my longing for his baby face, his tiny fingers clutching at my breast. I crushed my hunger for his soft, sweet body—I had him taught to call another woman by my name. . . . Do you know why?" she asked; "do you know why? To save him from the knowledge that his father was a murderer and a thief, a living lie, a ghastly fraud. To save him from the retribution that must overtake you and engulf me."

She paused, shaking with the strength of an emotion that stirred her very soul. Into the sudden quiet of the room there floated the strains of a waltz. The passionate violins filled the air with a plaintive appeal, the 'cello replied with a deep bell-like note. The rustle of silks, the frou-frou of lace echoed from the corridor, the faint scent of roses came in a delicious breath.

Sir Douglas glanced round the room instinct with refined luxury, attuned to a vast wealth, listened to the sounds of revelry without, and a smile twitched at his lips.

"You rave," he said contemptuously; "what can hurt *me?*" and he laughed, strong in the consciousness of wealth and power.

"Oh, laugh your fill! You cannot blot out memory. You must remember, and shudder, even you, at thought of the black treachery with which you bought your wealth. The old man, your uncle, who had fondly read to you his will, in which he named you as his heir; you must remember how he sat that night before the fire, his eyes closed, a smile upon his lips, sleeping. Aye, sleeping—while stealthily you crept nearer and nearer till, your hand upon his mouth, your clutch upon his throat, he fell back dead! You laughed—I remember how you laughed; and then looked up to find me watching from the door."

"Again, I say, you rave; my uncle died, according to the verdict at the inquest, of heart failure. I found him at his last gasp. *You* swore to that."

"Aye, and swore falsely. I could not give you up. You were my husband, the man I'd loved. The man whom I had idolised—I could have forgiven you the old man's murder," she went on passionately, "had you repented. But you took the price of your blood-guiltiness, you took the wealth, the cursed wealth for which you'd murdered him. Oh, Douglas, but the reckoning will be very heavy when it comes."

"You appear to gloat over the anticipation that I shall suffer for a murder I did not commit. You are a devoted wife, Rosalie," he sneered. "You have deprived me of my son, my heir, by a cruel lie. Is not that sufficient gratification of your hate towards me?"

"I thank God on my knees each night I have preserved him from your influence. I thank God that he will never know how his father lives. Ah, I have touched you there? Did you think I was blind and deaf not to suspect the way you got your wealth? You gambled away your uncle's fortune, as you gambled away my love. Five years ago you succeeded to your brother's title and blossomed out into a millionaire. How did you do it?" she cried bitterly, "that's the thought that tortures and torments me. Business," she flamed in scorn. "I tell you I'm haunted all night long by the faces of your victims. Dead women, dead children wake me from my sleep; the voices of the doomed you sent to die in rotten ships you had insured, and—and"—she paused, choked with emotion, "sometimes a fear even more terrible grips at my heart. There's blood on your hands—Douglas, blood! It cries to the skies for vengeance. Thank God, as I do, your son will never know his father!"

"You're very sure?" he laughed again. "What if I told you I know that which you would give your eyes to learn—where our son is?"

She looked at him fascinated.

"It isn't true," she gasped. "You say it to—to torture me."

"Is it so horrible a thing a father should know and love his son?" he asked quickly. "Come now, for the murderer you call me, it is surely a creditable feeling! If I were what you say, Rosalie"—he gripped her arm—"if I were what you say, should I care for him or you? Fool, with your weak fears and idle imaginings, your tales of old men murdered in their sleep, of coffin ships, and weeping women. You are hysterical. If I am such a villain, why do you stay with me?"

The woman wrung her hands.

"I've asked myself the question all these weary years. I've asked myself again and yet again why do I not leave you to your fate? But I can't—I can't. I am a coward," she cried, "a coward bound by the chains of a dead past, a past wherein you were my husband, the man I loved with my whole strength; and so I stay, hoping that at the last I still may find a way to save you, to shield you, from the retribution that awaits your sins."

"Meanwhile," he said drily, "you set me an excellent example. You lie to me about our boy. You hide him from me, deprive me of his love, him of his father's care. Your own record is not without reproach, Rosalie. How dare you steal away my son?" He bent towards her, his face like steel, his eyes a sword.

She did not flinch.

"I'd do the same again to-morrow," she said slowly.

"With a like result," he jeered. "I've found your boy. Your brain cannot outmatch mine. I discovered your conspiracy a year ago. I came home, you may remember, from the Continent, and found you absent. You had left no statement as to your whereabouts, nor as to the day you would return. I was puzzled to account for this. The demon of jealousy, of suspicion, gripped me. You are a beautiful woman, Rosalie, and a passionate one. The horrible thought clamoured at my brain that another had stormed the heart you denied me, conquered the coldness that kept me at bay.

"I searched your rooms; I found a clue, the post mark of an envelope torn across and thrown half-burnt into the grate. Women are so careless about details. You should burn your papers thoroughly, my dear. The post mark took me to the village of Halling, in Norfolk. There I made discreet inquiries. I learnt you were staying at a farmhouse in the neighbourhood. I gathered you had not been there before, but when I showed your writing to the local postmaster, he recognised the hand as one that had addressed letters to a fisherman, Matt Gould by name. Letters that came at regular intervals, for the most part registered. That put me on the scent.

"I discovered that twenty-three years earlier, about the date you swore my son had died, a foster-child was given to the care of the Goulds, a brown-haired, blue-eyed boy like ours. The urchin stayed at the cottage with the fisherman's children, sharing their name, their life, till he was seven. Then he went to school; from thence, so the local gossip said, to foreign parts, returning only at long intervals. A year ago, as you well know, Matt Gould was taken ill and died. His wife had predeceased him by a month or so. You went to Halling, hoping to see the old man before he lost consciousness. You wished to learn what had happened to our son?"

"I knew," she answered fiercely. "I had arranged his whole life. I told Gould where to send him to school in England and on the Continent. I gave the old man the money, £5,000, money left me by my father, to give my son when he should come of age. Matt Gould had nothing to tell me."

"You forget"—her husband eyed her narrowly—"you forget you did not know your son's name. In your anxiety to cut him off from me, in your fear lest I should discover his identity, you bade Gould, when the boy came of age, tell him he was not a fisherman's son, and that he was to choose for himself the name that he should bear out in the world, a name that you were not to know lest you should be tempted to send for him.

"Matt followed your instructions, but when you learnt that the old man lay dying, your love outburst your prudence and you went to Halling. You hung over the bedside of the dying man praying he might recover consciousness and tell you what your son was called. Too late—he kept the secret all too well! He died, and without speaking. How do I know?" Sir Douglas shrugged his shoulders. "Local gossip, intuition, and"—he paused—"you'd better have the truth," he said, "it may teach you prudence. You left the old man's letter in your escritoire.

"Rachel aimed and pressed the trigger. The Zulu leaped into the air and fell upon his back, dead." For further particulars see "The Ghost Kings" in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

A childish thing to do, a hundred keys would fit it. I overhauled your papers in my jealous rage, and found his note saying the boy had chosen his name and had set out to see the world and conquer it."

"And you?" her dry lips forced the words with difficulty, "you have discovered what I could not learn?"

"A short while back you went to Halling once again. There you learnt from village talk that one of Matt Gould's boys, the one from 'foreign parts,' as they called him, had been staying in the village, and had been sent for to London by a gentleman——"

She glanced up impatiently, her body shaken with a tremor of fear.

"They said he'd gone to London six months ago. You—you——" her voice trailed into a cry.

"I was the gentleman referred to," said her husband calmly. "The boy, as you surmised, was ours. You women lack foresight in your campaigns. I realised sooner or later he'd go back to the village, and I left a letter for him in charge of Matt Gould's sister, an old hag who lived with them all her life. She keeps on the cottage by herself; Gould's sons and daughters are scattered to the winds. They——"

She interrupted him.

"He came to London, you say?" She repeated the words in a dull, mechanical fashion. "He knows you are his father?" she asked, battling against the rage, the horror, that swept over her soul.

"At present, no. I decided you should have the felicity of claiming him. I was more just than you, Rosalie."

"Where is he?" Her voice was thick, her breath laboured. The room swam before her eyes. She forgot to reproach her husband, to cry out against the fate from which she'd tried to save her son. Her boy, her boy, flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone; she was to hold him, to clasp him, after all.

"He is here."

"In this house?" She hurried to the door.

"One moment. Remember, you do not know his name. You will not recognise his face. You could not after four-and-twenty years of absence. You have waited for him so long, you can wait a little longer. I will bring you to him here, in this room, after our guests have gone."

"I cannot wait. I——"

He checked her with a gesture.

"After our guests have left or not at all," he said. And then: "There is another stipulation, Rosalie. I will bring you your son, if you are gracious to Lord Cressingham. You understand me?" He stood before her smiling urbanely, his lips parted, his blue eyes boyish and serene.

For a moment she hesitated. Then the longing for her boy, the hunger that had starved her heart, made desolate her soul, cried out and would not be denied. She bent her head in answer, and swept out of the room, a flag of crimson in her cheeks.

Sir Douglas waited till the door had closed softly behind her.

"Four-and-twenty years is a long time," he said softly, "a long time without a son. Gad! but she'll be disappointed," and he laughed as at some secret and exquisite joke.

CHAPTER TWO.

"The Heart of the Mother will Care for Her Own."

After his wife had left him, Sir Douglas, his eyes fixed upon the clock, seemed to wait a summons.

A sudden, stealthy knocking on the wall brought him to his feet. He crossed the room, rapped a reply, and the next instant a panel in the wall swung back, and a young man, whose face showed traces of fatigue, sprang into the room.

"Where's Brettal?" asked the baronet. "Have you got him?"

"Yes, he's in there," pointing to the room beyond the open panel, euphoniously termed "the office." "He's sleeping like a log. I've news for you, Blythe, bad news. Brettal was with Hedley Stuart, the solicitor, from five till nine this evening. I tracked him there, watched him emerge, and joined him in a public-house where he'd gone for a refresher. Brettal stayed, and I with him, for an hour at least. By the time we left he was too fuddled to know where he was going. I brought him here, up the back way, and so into the office," and he motioned once more to the room beyond the panel.

"Did you succeed in pumping him as to his talk with Stuart?"

"Yes." The other—he was a dark-skinned, dark-eyed man, lithe and slender, with quick, impressive gestures—laid his hand on Sir Douglas's arm. "It's bad," he said gravely, "very bad. Brettal's told Stuart that he, as first mate, and Naylor, as captain, of the *Nunham Castle*, agreed with Smith & Co. to wreck the ship for a handsome consideration."

"He can't prove it. He's nothing in writing. Naylor won't back him up, and the rest of the crew are scattered all over the world."

"He's prepared to swear the cargo that Smith & Co. insured for half a million was nothing but bales of rubbish, with a dressing of wool on the top."

"Again, I say, he cannot prove it. His testimony's uncorroborated."

"That's not all. He's told Stuart you're at the back of Smith & Co. Heaven knows how he discovered it. Naylor never had wind of it at all. The thing's a mystery, but"—he paused—"the mischief's done," he said. "Once Stuart is on our scent, he will never rest until he's hunted us down. There's danger, Blythe, danger for all of us, but most for you. The game's up, I tell you. Stuart's the smartest solicitor in London."

"You're showing the white feather early in the game, Natt. Drink some brandy, man; put a little colour in your cheeks, and pluck up your heart. I've fought my way out of a tighter fix than this, remember."

Sir Douglas pushed the spirit across the table, then threw himself into a chair and stared up at the ceiling. He was in a dangerous fix, for all his imperturbability. The facts of the case, looming dark and sinister before him, were as follows: Five months before that night, the *Nunham Castle* had set sail from Liverpool. Her cargo, supposedly of wool, had been insured by Smith & Co., one of the baronet's many aliases, for half a million. Through one of his agents, Blythe had arranged with Naylor, an old and tried confederate of the firm, to scuttle the ship. Naylor, a simple sort of rogue, would have fulfilled his bargain, and no one have been a whit the wiser but for Brettal, the first mate. A more cunning and more dangerous rascal than the captain, he had surprised Naylor's confidence by announcing the head of the firm had commissioned him to assist in the enterprise. Naylor believed him, and the two carried out the programme as arranged. The ship foundered; the cargo was lost; the crew, through the able seamanship of Naylor, saved.

On the return of the captain and first mate to London, Smith & Co. had sent in their claim for insurance to the Argus Company. Naylor was handsomely rewarded, the first mate also claimed and was paid his share of the spoil. But Brettal was not satisfied. There was a reason for his discontent which Sir Douglas did not communicate to the young man drinking brandy. A reason which had inspired him with a desire for vengeance, which sent him with his story of the wreck of the *Nunham Castle* to Hedley Stuart, a brilliant young lawyer, recently appointed solicitor to the Argus Insurance Company.

"You feel better now?" Sir Douglas glanced kindly at Natt Drake.

Blythe was patient and considerate of the weaknesses of his tools. He might blame, but he never hurt the pride of his subordinates, who one and all felt for him a fanatical devotion. Men of Blythe's type inspire strange enthusiasm, fierce loyalty.

The other nodded.

"It's you I'm afraid for," he said. "Your very courage makes you rash."

"My dear Natt, I may be rash, but I'm never foolhardy. Now, let's to business; we must discuss this matter closely. In the first place, have no further alarm about Brettal. I'll dispose of him. He'll wake to-morrow morning aboard an outgoing steamer with empty pockets and a sick headache. When he returns"—the baronet shrugged—"I say, when he returns, he'll trouble us no more. Leave him to me, my boy."

"But if he's disposed of, Stuart, the real danger, still remains."

The baronet fixed his eyes upon the other, a cold gleam brightening their depths.

"Stuart," he said slowly, "must be removed. You take me, Natt? The world is not big enough for him and me. It will be a delicate operation. His death"—he spoke with a sudden change of tone, menacing, sinister—"his death must have every appearance of accident."

"How?" The young man glanced round fearfully. "Stuart's an awkward customer to tackle."

The baronet laughed softly.

"How?" he repeated, mocking; "why in a thousand ways, none open to suspicion. What's to prevent a motor accidentally running him over? A motor, mark you, steered by your hand. That's only one out of many expedients. You, Stebbing, and John Colgrave must arrange the details. I commission you three to see that Stuart's underground before a month is out."

"Why a month?" questioned the other.

"During that time he'll be innocuous. A man doesn't worry about crime and criminals on his honeymoon. He's to be married next week to Barbara Fleming."

"I'm not so sure of that. Miss Fleming lives with Mrs. Chesney in Sloane Street, next door to where the stockbroker lived who died so—so suddenly last month. I watched his house, you remember, and, incidentally, Mrs. Chesney's also. The girl's in love with another man, a friend of Stuart's, Conrad Le Patrol. I learnt as much from her maid."

The baronet glanced up, keenly interested.

"You can go into those details with Stebbing," he said after a pause. "It's as well I should not know too much. I'll write to him to-night, and the three of you can meet and discuss the matter to-morrow. Remember, Natt, it's Stuart's life or ours; once he traces the connection between us and Smith & Co., I'm a doomed man, and all of you with me."

"I shan't fail, Sir Douglas; you know that. Meanwhile, Brettal's evidence is in Stuart's office."

"We'll steal the affidavits. The programme stands thus: Brettal shipped off to the Colonies, his evidence destroyed, Stuart removed——" The baronet rose. "The matter ends," he said lightly, and commenced to hum a popular tune. "Are you convinced Natt?" He laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder with a kindly smile. They might have been father and son discussing their mutual welfare, instead of two scoundrels planning to take a good man's life.

Many such compacts had been made in that pleasant, cheery-looking room. The death warrants of those men who had stood in the baronet's path had there been signed and duly carried out. The headquarters of as clever, as dangerous a gang as ever infested the great City; to the mansion in Park Lane could have been traced many of the crimes that baffled Scotland Yard. For years the baronet had continued his practices with immunity, but at last a man had arisen his equal in courage, in cunning—his superior in moral force—Hedley Stuart.

Between these two men, remarkable alike for strength of character and subtlety of brain, it was to be a duel to the death.

Natt left his chief, hurrying noiselessly through the office and down the private stairs into the garden. There he turned round and looked up at the brightly-lighted house. Removed from the cheery optimism, the firm will of the baronet, he felt anxious and perturbed. He feared and dreaded Brettal, not for himself, but for the master who exercised so strange an influence upon him. It was a mistake of the baronet not to silence the man's mouth once and for ever. Where was the use of "removing" Stuart and letting Brettal live?

He hesitated, then crept back into the shadow of the wall, crouching close to the door that, hidden by the overgrowing ivy, gave access to the secret stair.

Left to himself, Sir Douglas entered the "office." Thickly carpeted, the room was unfurnished save for a commodious chair set upon light-running wheels. In this chair sat Brettal in a deep sleep. A heavily-built man, he loomed large in the bare surroundings. Sir Douglas wheeled him through the panel into the inner room, and set him full in the glare of the electric lamp. Not a prepossessing face, with its heavy jowl, thick lips, eyes near set, and coarsely modelled nose. And yet, when the eyes opened, and, roused to activity by the light, he sat up, the sheer animalism, the brute force of the man's face compelled a grudging sort of admiration.

The baronet eyed him with a look of swift contempt, tinged with a certain strange regret.

"Now then, wake up." He clapped the stranger on the back. "Take this, it's a pick-me-up, and will drive some of the fumes of liquor from your head. You know where you are, my fine fellow?"

"Yes, with the biggest blackguard in London," was the retort. "No, I won't take your draught; how do I know it isn't poison?"

"As you like. If you prefer to talk with a befuddled brain, do so. It makes me even more your master."

"Give me the stuff, and be hanged to you." He tossed it off. "Now then, what's up, Sir Douglas Blythe?" He rolled the words upon his tongue with unctuous relish. "Don't think that you can frighten me. I knew what I was doing when that young fool brought me here, I wanted to come."

"I am charmed to see you." The baronet smiled in his inimitable fashion.

"You'll change your tune before I've finished," the other said. "Do you know I've done you over the *Nunham Castle?* Did your spy tell you I had gone to Hedley Stuart, the solicitor, and given him the true facts of the wreck of the ship?"

"I learnt as much."

"Did he tell you I had given Stuart to understand I knew who was at the back of Smith & Co? That you, the rich, the respected, the popular Sir Douglas are nothing better than a gigantic fraud, an extremely clever thief?"

"That also he told me. What then?" The baronet smiled, eyeing the other with a calm contempt that seemed to irritate and baffle him.

"What then?" he repeated. "Why, why," he stammered, "it'll mean ruin for you," he cried defiantly, "if not prison."

"And you? How will you come off in the affair? What will you gain by proving—if you can prove—my connection with the wreck of the *Nunham Castle?*"

"The satisfaction of making you suffer," was the reply. Sharp and short, the words startled Sir Douglas. "Do you suppose I don't know who and what I am? Do you suppose the knowledge doesn't burn in my veins, sear my soul, inflame my heart? I am your son, Sir Douglas, I—a rough, unpolished sailor. For your whim you sent me from you as a baby, trusted me to the care of fisher-folk, who reared me to think that I was one of them. I, your son, who should have been brought up in purple and fine linen. You leave me till I'm a man grown, and then you send for me, and, as one throws a dog a bone, you offer me a berth as a ship's mate, a ship, mark you, doomed to destruction. I went, thinking you meant to try me, to prove my mettle. I know better now; you meant to get rid of me, murder me. But I've come back to defy you—if needs be to crush you. Acknowledge me as your son and heir, or, by Heaven, I'll denounce you for what you are."

"And what do I gain by proclaiming you my son—supposing you bear that relationship to me? You have already told Stuart of your suspicions. More, you have sworn to them as facts."

"I can deny my statement. Give me my birthright, acknowledge me as your son, and—and—I'll swear I was drunk when I saw the solicitor," he added weakly.

"So! You have refreshing notions as to perjury, my friend. You should have threatened me before not after your visit to Stuart. You've played your cards badly; I shall trump your trick. Listen to me." The baronet fixed his eyes upon the other with a compelling force. "You shall hear my idea of future events. You're going to disappear from the scene of action, my dear son, swiftly and silently. You're going to be snuffed out, like the flame of a candle."

"Bluff!" said the man in the chair with an oath. "Bluff!"

"You'll leave England to-morrow morning in the cold grey of the dawn, never to come back. How?" The baronet beamed upon him. "That, my dear son, is my affair, not yours. You will go all the same."

"Do you mean to murder me?" He glanced round with a quick, frightened look. "I'm more than a match for you," he added sullenly.

"I doubt it," was the answer. "All the same, be under no apprehension. I don't mean to murder you. I'm prejudiced against killing my own flesh and blood. You'll be removed, as I have intimated; nothing more."

"I'll not go," he answered, half-afraid. He started to his feet and made for the bell.

"It's out of order," said the baronet calmly, "and you can't open the door, it's a patent lock. Stop that," as he commenced to shout and beat upon the wall, "stop that, or, by Heaven, I'll send for the police; son or no son, you'll find yourself in gaol."

"Where's my mother?" He asked the question in a loud and strident voice. "My mother," he repeated with a sudden note of feeling. "She'll not turn against me. Mother!" The name echoed through the room and out into the corridor beyond.

With a bound Sir Douglas was upon him, his fingers at his throat.

"You dog," he said, "you dog, you'll never see her, never," and he ground his fingers into the warm, palpitating flesh.

"Mother!" The cry was feeble, weak, but it raised in Blythe a tigerish desire for the man's life. All the

There was an old fellow who said: "These fogs of November I dread, With my window shut tight, And a good fire alight, I read this month's NOVEL in bed."

thwarted ambition, the sullen rage of years, found expression in the grip upon the other's throat.

His son; the words blazed before him in letters of blood. His son, this dog, this drunken clod, this vile, degraded thing His son, Rosalie's son. He forced the other back; he would kill her son, kill him like a dog.

The two men swayed in a close grip. Brettal, with hard and laboured breath that forced its way in great gasps from his lungs, fought madly, wildly, the terror of death upon him. But closer pressed those burning fingers, closing like a band of red-hot iron about his throat. Nearer, more terrifying, came those blazing eyes, that seemed to sear his very soul. There came a surging in his head, a sound of many waters in his ears, his heart throbbed madly, his lungs swelled at bursting point. Lurching forward, with a mighty crash he fell upon the floor.

And as he fell there came a knocking on the door, and a voice, eager, joyous, thrilling with love, cried for admittance.

"My boy, my boy, you called me. Open the door, it's I, your mother—*open the door!*"

CHAPTER THREE.

A Sweet Rose Plucked Before the Hour.

THE morning following the reception at Sir Douglas Blythe's, Messrs. Stebbing, Colgrave, and Drake held a consultation as to the best means of "removing" Stuart. Natt, heavy-eyed and languid, preserved an unwonted silence. The events of the previous night would seem to have upset him.

Marcus Stebbing, a Jew by birth, a criminal by instinct, took the lead in the discussion.

"It's clear that Stuart's neck must be broken to save our own," he remarked with a strong German accent. "The question is, how to get at him. We can't commence operations for a week at least. He'd smell a rat if we so much as showed our noses so soon after Brettal's confession. Next week he'll be on his honeymoon. A newly-married couple are all but inseparable for the first month. It would be next to impossible to do for him without running a risk of discovery from her. All the same, it's got to be done—and inside the month."

"The thing would be to separate them on the trip," said Colgrave.

"Or prevent them ever coming together," interrupted Natt, and told his suspicions concerning Barbara's attachment to Le Patrol, adding, further, that Mrs. Chesney was devoted to Stuart, and did not encourage his rival's visit to the house.

The Jew rubbed his hands. "I see light," he exclaimed. "I see light. I can put pressure on Mrs. Chesney to make her aid and abet Le Patrol's designs upon the girl, who, given the opportunity like all her sex, will fall like a ripe plum into her lover's arms. And then"—he rose in his excitement—"my comrades," he asked with eloquence, "what happens when a man steals his friend's sweetheart? If he is brave, he pursues the traitor, punishes the false friend. Even so will Stuart pursue Le Patrol. I know him well, he is no coward. He will give chase; his chase shall lead him on and on to where, at his own time, in his own place, Colgrave awaits him—yes, Colgrave, the shrewd, the cunning, the relentless. Listen"—he struck the table with a sudden force—"Le Patrol is changing his valet. Colgrave, on the recommendation of Sir Douglas Blythe, will apply and obtain the situation. You follow me? At Colgrave's hands Stuart will receive his quittimus; but the instrument through which he strikes will be Le Patrol. The man's murder will be at his door. You like my plan?" He glanced round with complacent vanity. "Good; then we will put it into force. Colgrave will go this morning to Le Patrol. I shall call on Mrs. Chesney."

Marcus Stebbing, among other things, was a moneylender. Mrs. Chesney, Barbara's guardian, was his debtor for £5,000. This fact was to serve him in good stead. He had a private grudge against Hedley Stuart, who had won a case against him on behalf of a poor bank clerk, ground to the earth by the Jew's rate of interest. The renowned Marcus chuckled at the thought of settling his old score. It was a pretty notion, first to take a man's sweetheart, then to take his life; thus would he suffer the bitterness of death twice over.

In an elegant morning suit, ornate with heavy watch chain and expensive buttonhole, the moneylender called on Judith Chesney, and demanded payment of her loan—a trifle of £5,000!

Indignant remonstrance, followed by tears, reproaches, and a dramatic simulation of hysterics, brought Stebbing's card on to the table. He explained that to save herself from ruin Mrs. Chesney must make Le Patrol welcome, and assist his suit with Barbara. Why? The son of the tribe of Judah spread his hands and looked unutterable things. Le Patrol owed him money—a statement which in point of fact was true—much money. There was but one chance that the young man could pay. If he married Barbara Fleming the debt would be secured.

"But," interpolated Judith, with an eager look in her fine eyes, "the girl's as poor as a church mouse. She has nothing."

"She has shares left by her father, the poor professor, a learned man, but an infant in finance. If all goes well these shares will become of value." Again he spoke the truth. Stebbing had many irons in the fire. "Le Patrol, as Miss Fleming's husband, will gain her consent to transfer to me those shares in liquidation of his debt. You understand me, dear lady?" He ogled her unpleasantly. "It's so charming to deal with a woman like yourself."

"And if I won't receive him?" Judith faced the Jew indignantly.

"Then, my most dear lady, regretfully but positively I shall sell you up."

For a moment the woman wavered; she owed a deep debt of gratitude to Stuart. He had secured her a separation from her morphia-ridden husband, rescued her from a life of torture. Even so, she could not lose her home, her pretty things, be turned a beggar into the street; why should she sacrifice herself to protect Barbara, the little fool who did not care for the finest gentleman on earth?

Judith's eyes flashed. There were times when it was difficult to repress her jealous hate of the girl who'd won the man she loved.

"I consent," she said flushing. "I consent, you infamous old man."

"My dear, dear lady, be more gentle, I beg you. The bargain will not be without advantage to yourself. If Le Patrol marries Barbara Fleming I will give you a receipt for your debt, and you shall seal it with a kiss. Hein!"

He left the house twinkling with malevolence, and ran up against Stuart on his way to Barbara.

"A lovely day, my friend," said the Jew, buttonholing him. "Perfect weather, but inclined to be changeable. The spring is treacherous, my friend, dangerous for those in delicate health. What a comfort you are so strong!"

He chuckled, shaking with mirth. Stuart thought him even more objectionable than usual, and hastened on to the house of his friend—his very good friend, no more, no less, Judith Chesney.

It was a glad world, he told himself as he ran up the steps. A glad world in which Barbara lived. A wondrous world, since she had promised to be his wife.

His face flushed as he hastened to the morning-room, where she awaited him. He was unannounced, and she did not hear him enter. He closed the door softly Stuart was amazingly deft for a big man—and watched her, a smile about his mouth that smoothed the hard lines in his strong face and brought a sudden softness to his keen eyes.

Barbara was standing at a table in the window; the sunbeams danced through the open panes about her face, played hide and seek in the pale gold of her hair. On the table where she stood were piled soft heaps of violets, pale as the first faint flush of purple that heralds the coming dawn. Her fingers, with a deft touch, grouped the flowers.

Hedley came behind her, and, stooping, kissed her small pink ear.

"Madonna mia, I'm jealous of the violets. Give me your hands—your white and perfect hands."

She dropped the blossoms, obedient as a child, and smiled up in his face with a serene affection.

"Do you know we are to be married in a week, Madonna?"

"You give me small chance of forgetting," she said gently.

"Doesn't it make you happier to remember? Ah, but how should it? I've so little to offer in exchange for all you give! You love me, Barbara—a little? There are times when I can't believe I've won you. Put your arms round my neck, look into my eyes—if you know how I hungered for the touch of you. You are niggard of your caresses, Madonna."

The girl drew back; her wide brown eyes darkened, and a quiver of emotion shook her frame. Then, with a tightening of the lips, she did his bidding. Her arms went slowly up and rested on his shoulders; she dropped a kiss light as a snowflake and as passionless upon his cheek.

He accepted the caress with the enthusiasm of a generous nature. His Madonna was a child, for all her regal height and queenly figure. She knew nothing of love, its passion and its surge. When she was his in very deed, the blood would flow more quickly through her veins, her eyes would drop deliciously beneath his kisses, a red flush stain the cold purity of her cheeks.

"I've brought you a present, dearest. A wonderful old Venetian necklace, with a jewelled dagger to match." He tossed a chain of fine gold beads, curiously wrought and set with gleaming chrysophase and topaz, in her lap.

(Another long instalment next week.)

NOT ALL PROFIT.

IN a Northern town there resides a man who is about as careful of a shilling as a man can be and appear anything but decent looking. He is in business in comfortable circumstances, and, being thrifty, honest, and industrious, he was considered quite the most eligible bachelor of the neighbourhood, notwithstanding his painful exactness in matters financial.

He married a widow worth in her own right some £20,000, and, shortly after the ceremony, an old friend met him.

"Allow me," he said, "to congratulate you. I believe your wedding was worth a clear £20,000 to you."

"No," he replied, "not quite so much."

"Indeed, I thought it was every penny of it."

"Oh, no," said the Benedict, "I had to pay sixteen shillings for the ring."

CANNY CANINE.

TOMMY HOWARD is no better and no worse than the majority of men of his age; but his maiden aunt, who keeps him in supplies at Oxford, and whom he looks to to leave him something worth while, takes it for granted that he is the embodiment of all the virtues.

She went to see him recently, and the dutiful Tommy took her and his dog for a walk through the city. Tommy hadn't given a thought to the intelligence of the canine creature, but as the event proved, the latter very nearly upset the whole bag of tricks. For he trotted serenely ahead, and stopped at the door of the Brown Cow, and looked round as if expecting his master to follow.

"Thomas," said his aunt, in a steely voice, "what does this mean?"

"Mean, aunty?" said the resourceful Tommy. "Er—dog's a wonderful intelligent beast, don't you know. Looks up at the sign of that horrid place, sees a cow, thinks it's a dairy, and, being fond of milk, wants me to buy him some. Yes; remarkable dog."

Explanation accepted, but it was a close thing.

Long-standing anæmia cured

MISS FANNY MORGAN.

Let us tell you of the interesting case of Miss Fanny Morgan As she herself says to you, she suffered from anæmia for years. She tried so many so-called remedies without feeling any improvement in her health, that when her kind employer urged her to give Iron-Ox Tablets a trial, she had almost come to the conclusion that nothing would relieve her of her distressing complaint. However, Miss Morgan decided to try them and derived such great benefit that she has sent us the following letter:—

"57 St. Michael's Road, Headingly.

"I am writing to tell you of the great benefits which I have derived from your Iron-Ox Tablets. Since childhood I have suffered severely from constipation and anæmia. The latter always gave my mother great anxiety, but after my fourteenth year the anæmia became worse and worse. I have been under many doctors and tried all sorts of medicines without benefit. Then my employer recommended Iron-Ox Tablets to me. At first I was loth to take them because I was weary of experimenting with remedies. She recommended your wonderful remedy so strongly that I decided to give it a trial, and I am truly glad that I did so, for it cured me of anæmia. My cheeks are rosy, my appetite is good and I am strong and well. I know that Iron Ox Tablets are a wonderful tonic and a cure for anæmia and I hope that this letter will be the means of helping some other poor sufferer.

(Signed) "FANNY MORGAN."

If you yourself could see how well and strong Miss Morgan is to day—how happy and free from care she seems, you would at once say that Iron-Ox Tablets must indeed be "a wonderful tonic and cure for anæmia," to use Miss Morgan's own words.

If you are weak and exhausted, if you are a sufferer from anæmia, constipation, indigestion, with the resulting headaches, nausea, loss of appetite, and pains in your chest and back, Iron-Ox Tablets will not merely give you relief, but permanently cure you. Don't wait—don't hesitate a moment—send to your chemist and procure a packet of Iron-Ox Tablets to-day.

Doctors know the value of

IRON-OX

TABLETS

in cases of indigestion and constipation. Write for a copy of "The Doctor's Word."

A dainty Aluminium Pocket Packet of 50 Tablets for 1/-. If your chemist has not got them, they will be sent post free on receipt of One Shilling by the Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Ltd., 20 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

Rider Haggard lets himself go in this month's instalment of "The Ghost Kings." You can almost smell the gunpowder.

How Trade Unions Work

Some Punish Members for Boasting, and Provide Free Medical Attendance.

THE objects of trade unions are entirely different from what is generally imagined; it will be a revelation for most people to learn that the hundred leading trade unions spend nearly a million a year on friendly benefits to their members. Labour disputes occupy a much smaller place in the work of trade unions than is usually thought. In fact, only 19 per cent. of the total income of the leading societies is expended on labour disputes.

The objects of trade unions vary in a very great degree, as each union has its own peculiar constitution. Practically every union affords trade protection to its members, and gives a dispute benefit. In addition, most of the societies provide friendly benefits.

When a member is thrown out of work owing to a labour dispute, he is paid an allowance of, say, 10s., 12s., or 15s. a week. This dispute payment goes on for a fixed time, until the dispute is over, or until the member has found work elsewhere, as the case may be. Many societies allow additional dispute benefits, by making an allowance for the member's wife, and for each child under a certain age.

FULL WAGES FOR A VICTIM.

In the case of certain labour difficulties, where persons are discharged on account of their connection with the society, a higher rate of allowance is usually made. The "victim" or "sacrificed" member is allowed each week the amount of his wages at the time of dismissal, or he is allowed a sum equal to the average wage of his trade in his locality. In some cases a lump sum is paid in place of a weekly allowance.

As mentioned, the largest proportion of the amount expended by trade unions is incurred in granting friendly benefits. In most societies the funeral benefit takes a leading place. This is paid upon the death of a member, and varies greatly amongst different societies. Some societies pay a fixed amount, while in others the amount paid varies with the length of the deceased's membership of the society. In some societies the amount is raised by a levy upon each member. Other funeral benefits often granted are on the occasion of the death of a member's wife, and, more rarely, on the death of young children of married members, or the parents of single members.

BENEFITS FOR SICK MEMBERS.

A number of societies grant benefits to members who are incapacitated from work, either by sickness or accident. A certain sum is paid to the member weekly for a fixed time, and then a decreased sum is paid until a limit has been reached, or until the member recovers. Such societies usually provide free medical attendance and medicine, and usually number medical men amongst their officers.

Of course, the societies protect themselves by only paying such sums where the illness or accident has not been due to misconduct, or to indulgence in dangerous pastimes. The society usually appoints special officers to prevent frauds being practised by dishonest members who might sham illness.

Members who are out of work receive benefits under two headings, "Idle" allowance and "Tramp" allowance. The idle allowance is paid where a member is thrown out of work through ill-luck. Should a member be able to earn anything by doing odd jobs, or casual work, he is allowed a smaller benefit than if unable to obtain any work. It is often the case that these benefits have to be repaid by the member when he is in regular work.

RAILWAY FARES FOR OUT-OF-WORKS.

The tramp allowance is a travelling benefit given to a member who has to travel in search of work. In some societies he is paid a small sum for each mile he travels, while in others he receives a daily or weekly allowance. It is usually the case that an unemployed member obtains a "travelling card" from his society, on which is stated the amount he may claim at any branch where he may call. In some cases the journey over which he must travel is also laid down.

Besides these daily allowances a night allowance is often made in order to pay for a bed in any place where the member may be obliged to stay all night. Tramp benefit is being replaced by "shifting" money, that is, by the payment of railway fares which will enable a member to obtain work. In some cases the amount paid also includes sums allowed to the wife and family of the member.

Some societies pay a "pension," usually granted only to members who are above a certain age. In such cases the scale of benefit depends upon the length of membership. Other societies allow a superannuation benefit to any member who is rendered incapable of work by infirmity, no matter what his age may be.

Usually, this benefit is paid weekly, though it is occasionally paid in a lump sum. As a rule, the recipient is excluded from all other benefits, while allowed liberty to ply any trade except his own.

In addition to all these benefits there are several others of minor importance, such as allowances for tools destroyed by fire or other cause, and special grants made to dependents of members in cases of exceptional distress. There is also an "emigration" benefit. Some societies allow a member to borrow money at a low rate of interest, and on easy terms of repayment, for the purpose of buying a cottage.

The manner in which a trade union deals with a trade dispute depends upon the magnitude of the dispute. First the members concerned lay the case before the local officers of the branch to which they belong. These officials then investigate the case and arrange a friendly settlement if possible.

Should they fail in their endeavours, a meeting of the local committee is called to consider the matter, and should it be thought sufficiently important, it is referred to the general secretary. This official lays the whole matter before the central executive, who then takes affairs in hand, and should they be unable to bring about a friendly arrangement, it becomes necessary to decide the advisability of a strike.

HOW A STRIKE IS WORKED.

In some societies the central executive has the power to deal with the question of a strike, but it is usually necessary to obtain the consent of a certain majority of all the members before a general strike can take place. Usually, this consent is obtained by means of a ballot, or by taking the opinion of the members at a meeting.

The votes of all the members concerned in any important matter are obtained by means of ballot papers, which are sent to the branch committees, where they are given out to the men. The balloting is a very simple matter, as the men either return the papers to the local collecting officer, or send them by post to the head office. Finally, all the papers reach the head office, where they are sorted, and the total of the negative and affirmative votes recorded.

Should a strike be decided upon, the final settlement is usually placed in the hands of the central executive, and all members of the society have to give the matter their earnest support, subject to penalties in the case of men who "accommodate" the master concerned in the dispute. In all cases, the executive deals very severely with those members who persist in a strike, contrary to the advice of the head officials.

MUSTN'T SWEAR AT SUPERIORS.

Very often a strike committee is formed from a number of the men on strike, in order to furnish the executive with full information regarding the dispute, and to distribute the strike pay. In most cases the central executive retains the right to declare the dispute to be settled. All the big unions take care to eliminate as far as possible any local influence in deciding the conduct of the central body.

Before a man can join a union, he has to pay an entrance fee, which varies from 6d., in the case of some unskilled labourers, up to £3 in a highly skilled trade. The contributions made vary within equally large limits, from a penny a week up to half-a-crown. It is usually the case that apprentices and women workers pay at a much lower rate than journeymen.

Many of the unions lay down rules of conduct for the observance of the members. In many cases a member is subject to a fine who boasts of his independence towards his employer or foreman on account of his membership of the union. He is also forbidden to use abusive language to those placed in authority over him, and should he be guilty of any dishonesty or gross misconduct towards his employer, he is subject to severe penalties.

Several societies lay down that meetings shall not be held on the employer's premises to discuss his conduct. In some cases the society goes so far as to compensate an employer for any loss occurring in consequence of bad workmanship, or similar misconduct, on the part of a member. The amount the society pays is obtained by a fine placed upon the offending member.

"I'M going to take a stick to that miserable creature of yours one of these days, madam."

"I wish you would; neither his father nor myself can do a thing with him."

"Madam, I am speaking of your dog, not of your little boy."

"What! Take a stick to my Fido! You horrid brute, you; don't you dare!"

Why People Like Noise.

By C. B. COCHRAN,

Who organised the highly successful Mammoth Fun City at Olympia, London, last year, and who is getting up another one this winter.

THE perennial fascination of the fair lies in its power of making one feel young. It is the only form of amusement or recreation which will successfully take one back to the days of one's childhood.

If you go to see a play that you thought screamingly funny, even so short a time as ten years ago, you will be bored to death. The farce will seem old-fashioned, the situations clumsy, and the dialogue without point or humour.

Not so at the fair. You enter into the spirit, and noise, and bustle of the thing, and speedily forget that you are old. Twenty, thirty, forty years slip away in a breath before the magic influence of the blare of the steam-organ and the old-fashioned roundabout. You become a light-hearted boy once more, as full of mischief and as ready for any form of fun as in the days when an Eton jacket was your daily wear.

The three principal elements in the success of a fair are movement, noise, and light, and that is why it is that, although the fair flourishes in every part of the country where it has been maintained or revived, the equally old-fashioned circus is on the downward grade.

STEAM-ORGANS CURE HEADACHES.

The circus is too slow. It does not grip the public, because it lacks life. You can no more "let yourself go" in the stalls of a circus than you can do so in the stalls of a theatre.

It is this joy of being able to "let oneself go," to lose oneself for a few hours, and become what you might call "respectably rowdy," that explains the whole secret of the Fun City's success. It makes the old young, and the young deliriously happy.

I claim that the fun of the fair is homœopathic. Although you might not think so, the noise of a steam-organ with its magic spell will drive away a headache almost instantly. The jaded City man, with throbbing temples and racked nerves, finds a course of Fun City as good a tonic as a visit to the sea. An hour on a steam roundabout is the finest cure for dyspepsia in the world. Instead of agitating for national theatres we ought to have national fairs.

Great men have realised this. Celebrities who visit the Fun City know that they must go there in the right spirit, and they invariably go away invigorated and amused. Last year, when the whole of the members of the Japanese Embassy visited the show, they did everything there was to do, including rides on the roundabouts. Lord Rosebery, too, was keenly interested in everything he saw when he visited Olympia with Lord Dalmeny, and he caused a great sensation by nursing a lion cub, which was one of the greatest attractions.

DOBBIN'S DAY IS DONE.

People do not want too many novelties at a fair. You must not tamper with the old-established principles, but you must use much ingenuity to dish up the old favourites in a modern form. For years people were quite content to gallop round on a steam roundabout on a clumsy wooden horse with pie-bald spots. Now you must give them curious mammoth ostriches, or a brilliant motor-car.

With the side-shows it is very often the man with the most dazzling electric lights on his booth who attracts the most money. Some men will give as much as £10,000 for a show-front alone.

America is ahead of us in her organisation of fun cities, but this is probably due to a great extent to climatic conditions. The nature of the American summer renders indoor amusements unbearable, and vast sums are expended in devising novel out-of-door entertainments.

But the American likes his fun rather stronger than ours. He is more wild in his amusements. He wants a roundabout or a switchback, on which he must sit in a certain position and hold on like grim death or be instantly dashed to pieces. The English public do not care for that sort of thing.

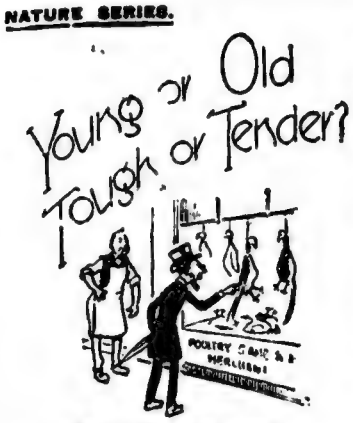
Fun cities have been enormous successes in England wherever they have been held, and it is not from lack of public support that some of the ancient annual fairs are dying out; but from the repressive measures of the local borough councils, who object to the temporary dislocation of trade which they cause.

In conclusion, I would like to say again that the whole secret of the success of a fair is that a man goes to it in an absolutely different spirit from any other entertainment. He goes to "cut loose" from the trammels and conventions of society for a few hours. If he does not go in that spirit, he will be bored.

C. B. Cochran

Remember the motto of the NOVEL—"Merit Only." No tedious pot-boilers by so-called celebrities!

NATURE SERIES.



By "Gamekeeper."

THIS season will bring an unusual proportion of old game into the market, since the breeding season was an all-round bad one. Therefore, unless you are acquainted with a poultryman who is desirous of retaining your custom, it is well to be able to pick out "young stuff" yourself.

In choosing a couple of wild ducks, do not be led astray by brilliance of plumage, but examine the webbing of the feet. In young ducks this is bright orange and smooth, that of old birds being dull and dingy, with a rough, scaly surface.

Till the season is well advanced, the legs and feet of young grouse lack the "featheriness" of their elders.

Early in the season there are at least four reliable tokens of youth in partridges. Yellowness of the legs, absence of any pretence of a "horseshoe" on the breast, the lower mandible promptly bending to the weight of the bird, and the feathers of the neck, breast, and thighs being all of the same drab shade—about that of weak coffee with milk.

But when young partridges have put on adult plumage, which they do about the middle of October, the reliable distinctions between old and young become fewer and more difficult to detect at a glance.

SOME POINTS TO NOTICE.

The first and second flight or primary feathers of each wing of a partridge of the year terminate in a point, whereas those of old birds are rounded. When you have once compared the difference you may sort birds almost as fast as you can pass them through your hands.

The same test applies to French or red-legged partridges, the cocks of which are much easier to distinguish from the hens than is the case with the ordinary English birds; for the legs of a cock "Frenchman" possess wart-like growths apologies for spurs, I presume—those of the old cocks being very noticeable and clumsy looking.

A large, rich chestnut horseshoe on an English partridge's breast is, as a rule, a sure sign that the bird is a cock.

But returning to the insignia of youth, another reliable token that you may safely anticipate tenderness in grouse and partridges, till the end of their seasons—is when the third primary feather of an outstretched wing is shorter than the others, but should this particular feather be equal to its fellows it labels its owner an "old 'un."

Fortunately for consumers, the majority of pheasants, whether given or received as presents, are young ones; when, however, you apply the tooth test to a pheasant a year or more old, the sensation leaves no room for doubt.

TEAR THE RABBIT'S EARS.

Old cock pheasants are generally extra heavy birds with exceptionally long tails and striking plumage, but their spurs give them away badly. A young cock's spurs remain short and blunt till Christmastime, and although they then begin to grow sharp just at that point, they remain short and "stumpy" in shape till the end of the season—while those of an old cock, which has seen one or more seasons, are long, thin, curved, and very sharp.

The decided presence of spurs on the legs of a hen pheasant—a not altogether rare thing—does not prove the bird is a cock in female feathers; it merely indicates her deplorably modern tendency.

It is not easy to decide whether a hen pheasant is old or young, the most reliable guide being the smoothness of the scales covering the legs and feet. When these scales are rough and coarse, and the bird's neck is suggestive of a "mature waist," she may be deemed ancient.

By the way, the yellowish, fungoid-like growth sometimes seen on the knees of a pheasant is no proof that the bird is not young, the excrescence being caused by the "scale" parasite.

Few people, when they are so fortunate as to obtain one, stop to consider whether a woodcock is old or young; but I believe that the dark-plumaged birds are young, while the light-tinted birds are old.

The lower jaw-bones of young rabbits should yield to the pressure of the average finger and thumb, their coats should be fine, thick, and sleek, their ears should tear easily, and their feet be small and neat with short, sharp claws.

These points also indicate youth in hares, the earliest being perhaps the most useful and easiest of application.

ONE OF HUMANITY'S HEROES.

An Old Man Who Startled America.

THERE is a story going the rounds just now in the United States that promises, in its way, to become as popular as the legend of George Washington and the cherry tree. It concerns a man named Christopher Clarke, and, probably, nobody outside his native town would have heard a word about Christopher Clarke had not a banquet been given to him by men who had had their purses turned out over and over again by Clarke, and who suddenly found themselves all sitting together calmly paying five dollars each to thank him for it. Then, in the curious flash of a common intelligence, it was recognised that Christopher Clarke had in his composition the making of one of humanity's heroes.

For something like eighty years Christopher Clarke had kept on doing all the things that the rest of them had got out of doing. There was not a corner to be found anywhere where the word "Duty" might be whispered with effect that he had left undiscovered. He was always coming on some one suddenly with an idea, and then he would walk on and on with them, and on and on, and in the end the hand was always in the pocket, and charity had made another friend.

Everybody about him understood him. It was a part of existence in his particular town. Nobody could escape Christopher Clarke—a man who had kept at it for eighty years, making his visions realities, good ones, too—visions that worked, visions for everybody, and everybody all together, visions about everything, from Jenny Lind to a mountain. Eighty years of buttonholing people, of setting people to do what they did not want to, and being glad afterwards. No wonder, in one supreme moment of inspiration, it was recognised that Christopher Clarke had in his old and rather tired frame the best spirit of America incarnate.

Most of the United States are now telling themselves in a very severe and moral tone that anybody can be a Christopher Clarke if he or she settles down to it, almost anywhere. All you have to do is to take hold of the things that other people have got out of the habit of doing, that are merely for the benefit of the weak, the sick, and the helpless, and of the poor slum outcasts who cannot make their voices heard, and years afterwards parents will teach little children to bless your names.

Amongst the things that ordinary people have got out of the habit of doing, there is certainly the habit of remembering the sad, neglected lots of the children of the slums at Christmas.

Luckily, there is a kind of English Christopher Clarke on hand at the present moment to awaken you to a sense of duties neglected in this respect—in the shape of a society, which is usually our national equivalent for the American one-horse power hero. This organisation is the Poor Children's Yuletide Association, which has among its patrons the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Ormonde, the Countess of Strafford, the Countess of Londesborough, the Countess of Stradbroke, the Countess of Cromartie, the Countess of March, the Lady Wenlock, and some of our best-known philanthropic and religious leaders. It knows no religious denomination in its work, and the whole of its administration expenses have been guaranteed by outside sources, so that, like the Fresh Air Fund, every penny received from the public is directly utilised for benefiting poor and neglected slum children, who now have no tender memories of Christmas happiness.

But what, you may wonder, can you in particular do to help forward this most excellent work? Well, whether you be young or old, rich or poor, busy or leisured, there are numerous alternatives which are open to boys and girls, men and women, and of one of these you can assuredly avail yourself. Thus you can:

1. Send a subscription for the Christmas trees.
2. Forward old or new dolls, toys, or garments.
3. Form local working committees to organise working parties.
4. Arrange that your children shall enter toy-making competitions for valuable prizes.
5. Hold working parties in your drawing-rooms amongst your own friends.

Surely, everybody, if they chose, could assist in one or other of these directions! All that they have to do is to put themselves in communication with the hon. secretary of the Poor Children's Yuletide Association, THE STANDARD, 104 Shoe Lane, London, E.C., and he will answer any inquiries.

Careful computation by experts interested in this class of work show that there are upwards of 50,000 children in London only who at Christmas time receive no kind of gift. Then, think also of the thousands and thousands penned up in the rookeries of our great provincial cities.

All subscriptions, gifts, and letters should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Poor Children's Yuletide Association, THE STANDARD, 104, Shoe Lane, London, E.C. Cheques crossed Parr's Bank Ltd., Fleet Street Branch. The whole of the administration expenses of the P.C.Y.A. have been guaranteed, and will be paid by firms which have interested themselves in the Association, so that every penny received from the public will be directly utilised for benefiting poor, neglected slum children.

Increasing the Water Supply with Nitro-Glycerine.

WELL-SHOOTING is not one of the recognised sports for the wealthy; it is a method of commercial procedure. In brief, it is the firing of heavy charges of high explosives in well-bores with the object of increasing the yield. A gentleman who is, perhaps, among the first to have done any extensive well-shooting in this country, increased the flow of water in a well belonging to a water-works in a Surrey town from 100,000 gallons to 2,000,000 gallons a day at a cost of something like £60.

Though simple in the hands of an expert, the operation is not recommended for use by those unacquainted with the management of high explosives.

A charge of tonite, a substance having considerably more power than gun-cotton, varying from twenty to one hundred pounds in weight, is lowered into the well to the bottom, and there fired by means of an electric detonator. The result of such a shot is usually an immediate increase in the flow of water; but it not infrequently happens that the bottom of the well is some distance below the strata from which the water pours, and thus the charge is wasted.

Then a "hanging shot" is fired about thirty feet above the bottom, and the effect watched. This is repeated, rising twenty or thirty feet at a time until the water stratum is reached and the work done.

NATURE'S WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

Although it is impossible to say with certainty, there is every reason to believe that the shots affect the well-bore just as similar shots affect some blast-drills in quarries, that is, form a large cave at the place of explosion.

The various phenomena noticed in conjunction with well-shooting are interesting. In one case, a town in North Kent had two wells at a distance of half a mile from each other. One of these was "shot" successfully, and it was then discovered that the other was empty, so great had been the disturbance along the line of stratification.

On another occasion—this is a second Surrey example—a shot was fired in a well. The high column of water above the charge so deadened the sound of the explosion that the noise heard was no louder than a hand-pat on a wooden table.

Shortly afterwards, a young man cycled into the water-works with a sacred look on his face, and reported a loud explosion some five miles away. No damage had been done, but there had been a terrible bang in a field where he had been working.

Investigation followed, and it was found that the stratum on which the shot was fired outcropped on the side of a hill bordering this field five miles away, and acted as a natural telephone, bringing the noise, which was scarcely audible to those who stood above, in its full volume to the people working in the field.

MOST RISKY JOB ON EARTH.

The practical absence of State control of these matters in America renders well-shooting a far easier and less costly performance.

A manufacturer was in Texas some few years ago where he made nitro-glycerine in the crudest possible manner, and, without troubling to purify it, poured it into iron drums, and, loading an ox-waggon, started off round the country visiting the oil-wells, much as a milkman might go his round.

On the works where it was made, Chinamen were employed, and it was actually no rare matter to see a Celestial carrying two pails of nitro-glycerine on a shoulder-yolk, when suddenly it would begin to "fume," dense, red smoke coming off in clouds, and before the terrified man could get away—Bang!—and not a vestige of him remained.

The manufacturer himself took his life literally in his own hands every day. Stopping at an oil-well, he would inquire to what expense the owner was ready to go to, and, being told, he would take the required number of fifty-pound drums of nitro-glycerine to the mouth of the well. The workmen were sent, not much telling needed, to a safe distance, the explosive merchant dropped in the drums, one, two, three, and to the last he attached a percussion exploder.

Then, seeing that all was clear behind him, he would take the last drum, and, standing over the well, drop it in, and then run for his life.

He never missed, but had the "striker" glanced at an angle and hit the mouth or sides of the well, he could not have possibly escaped.

Read "The Tragedy and Comedy of Monte Carlo" in the November PEARSON'S. A thrilling word picture of the world's greatest gambling den.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

MR. RUMPERLEY'S ROMANCE

Telling of an Old Bachelor's Affection for a Pretty Girl, and the Way in which he Proved It.

By E. NEWTON BUNGEY.

MR. STEPHEN RUMPERLEY, a wealthy retired draper, occupied a comfortable detached house in a suburb of London. He passed most of his time in pottering about his garden, smoking his pipe, and reading newspapers.

Although he had retired from business, Mr. Rumperley was by no means an old man, having only just passed his fiftieth year. His figure was well set up, and he retained a youthful appearance in his rubicund visage.

At the end of Mr. Rumperley's garden was a garden attached to one of a row of three-storied houses. The particular house whose rear faced the rear of Mr. Rumperley's house was let off in lodgings. In one of the lodgers Mr. Rumperley took a distinct interest.

She—for the lodger belonged to the fair sex—was a girl of about twenty-five years of age, so far as Mr. Rumperley could judge. Her face was decidedly attractive, though somewhat thin and pale.

He often saw the girl in the back garden of the lodging-house, and grew to watch for her during the day. He heard her name on one occasion when she was called in by the landlady—Hatherleigh, the name was. He wondered what her Christian name was, thinking Dorothy would suit her.

Now, it was Mr. Rumperley's custom to sit out on the first floor verandah of his house in the cool of the evening and smoke his pipe. He often gazed across at the lodging-house, wondering whether he would see Dorothy, as he called her, at one of the windows.

Her life must be a lonely one, he thought. She wanted someone to look after her. And one day the daring thought came to him that she would look well in his own house.

"Mrs. Rumperley," he whispered to himself, and then glanced around timidly as though afraid someone might have heard him.

"Rumperley," he went on, "you're an old fool. But still," he added, "there's lots of such marriages nowadays, and I'm not so very much older than she is, after all. If only I could get to know her."

As he sat meditating over his pipe, various schemes for bringing about an introduction came slowly into his brain, but each was rejected as too daring.

The desire grew so strong in Mr. Rumperley that he thought about it morning, noon, and night, but he made no headway until one particular evening. On this occasion he was seated as usual on the balcony smoking his pipe in the twilight, when he saw Dorothy come to the window and push it up. A second or so later his heart began to beat at a terrific rate, and he stared as though unable to believe his own eyes.

She was waving to him.

Yes, there was no doubt, a white object fluttered in the breeze. Mr. Rumperley trembled from head to foot, and his shaking hand went to his pocket and pulled out a large red handkerchief which he waved. But ere his hand had moved the girl shut the window down.

"Rumperley," he remarked, "she was waving to you. Yes, she was." Then he added: "You're a fool, Rumperley; how do you expect her to see a red handkerchief in the dark?"

Next day he watched for her eagerly, but she did not come out into the garden. In the evening, however, Mr. Rumperley took his accustomed seat early, and in his pocket was a white handkerchief.

Then, as the night came on, up went the window again, and Dorothy appeared and waved. With a trembling hand Mr. Rumperley responded. Then the window was shut.

Mr. Rumperley hardly knew whether he stood on his head or his feet, so overcome was he by this unexpected turn of events.

"Must get to know her now," he went on. "But how? But how?"

He sat pondering over the matter for some moments, and then suddenly started to his feet.

"I have it," he cried. "Briggs and Co., they're the very people."

He was referring to a firm of inquiry agents whom he used to employ when he was in business. For a small sum this estimable firm undertook to find out all there was to be known about anybody.

"When I get their report," Mr. Rumperley continued. "I may find a loophole. It's a fine idea, Rumperley. I'll call on Briggs to-morrow morning first thing."

He suited these words to action, and left the matter in the hands of the inquiry agents.

"I want you to find out about a party of the name of Hatherleigh," he said to the agents, "living at 17 Brendover Road, N.W."

He was too bashful and nervous to sit out on his balcony that night, but peeped under his blind and watched the lodging-house. Up went the window and Dorothy waved.

"Poor little girl," Mr. Rumperley murmured. "How disappointed she will be. You ought to have waved, Rumperley. You most certainly ought to have waved."

As a consequence, Mr. Rumperley could not get to sleep for a long time that night, he was too agitated. In the morning a letter awaited him from Briggs and Co. He tore it open with trembling fingers.

"John Arthur Hatherleigh, journalist," he gasped. What did it mean? A man's name! There was no denying it, the name stared at him in black and white.

"Gosh! Rumperley, it strikes me you've made a precious ass of yourself," he muttered. "As usual, Rumperley, as usual. She's married, you chump!" he continued.

"What did they inquire about a man for?" he muttered. "They might have known better."

This was rather hard on the firm of Briggs and Co., for Mr. Rumperley had stated that he required them to inquire about a "party of the name of Hatherleigh." He continued to read the result of the agent's discovery, and the amount of information they had collected was really surprising.

From the written form before him Mr. Rumperley learnt that John Arthur Hatherleigh, journalist, was aged twenty-eight, and was married—no children. The former address of the couple had been at Trenton, in Berkshire. They now lived in poor rooms as a result of the failure of the Southern United Bank in which all Mr. Hatherleigh's money had been banked. They were apparently in very poor circumstances, their only source of income being derived from Mr. Hatherleigh's literary work.

"Poor Dorothy," mused Mr. Rumperley. "No wonder she looks pale and thin. It must be very sad for her to have to pinch and scrape."

He sat thinking so long that his bacon and coffee grew cold. In fact, he forgot the existence of his breakfast until his indignant housekeeper pointed it out.

"That there nice breakfast that I cooked for you," she cried, "all wasted. An' think o' the 'undreds an' millions wot are starvin'. Sinful, I calls it—sinful!"

"But you can't deny that she waved," remarked Mr. Rumperley dreamily.

The housekeeper gazed at him sharply, sniffed loudly, and then tapped her scanty locks in a suggestive manner, and nodded her head wisely.

When Mr. Rumperley was alone again a beatific smile spread over his face and he rubbed his fat hands together.

"Why not, Rumperley?" he asked.

Rumperley did not reply.

"You've nothing to say against it, Rumperley, have you?" he questioned in severe tones.

Apparently Rumperley had not, for he smiled serenely, and, putting on his hat and gloves, walked out into the street, a happy expression on his face.

Mr. Rumperley wended his way to the neighbourhood of Fleet Street and called at the offices of a magazine. Mr. Rumperley was one of the largest shareholders in the publishing company who ran the magazine, and the secretary speedily accorded him an interview.

"I want to find out whether a young fellow by the name of Hatherleigh does any work for you," Mr. Rumperley said.

The secretary introduced Mr. Rumperley to the Editor of the REGENT MAGAZINE, murmuring as he passed on his way out, "Humour him."

"Now, sir, what can I do for you?" asked the Editor genially.

"I want to know whether a young fellow named Hatherleigh is known to you," Mr. Rumperley began.

"Hatherleigh, Hatherleigh," mused the Editor. "Ah, yes, of course. He comes in here fairly often."

"What sort of a chap is he?"

"A very nice young fellow, as far as I know. Well educated, writes a decent average story. But, for the matter of that, so do thousands of other writers. We can only take a story from him now and again. I don't think he is doing very well."

"I have a fancy to offer him an appointment as a sort of companion to me," said Mr. Rumperley nervously. "You know, to write my letters and all that sort of thing."

"A secretary, you mean?"

"That's it. Now, could you manage it for me? Does he come in here often?"

"Half a minute. I'll find out exactly when he does come," said the Editor. He switched over a telephone keyboard.

"That you, Grimshaw? How often does young Hatherleigh come in here? Every Wednesday. Thanks." He hung up the receiver.

"He'll be here to-morrow, then, Mr. Rumperley."

"Well, will you see him and tell him that you had an inquiry for a secretary who does writing work, and you thought of him and gave his name. Then you can tell him I'll call and see him on Thursday. Do you mind?"

"Not at all, Mr. Rumperley. I shall only be too glad to convey the good news to him."

"Thanks, very much," said Mr. Rumperley. Then he departed, his beatific expression more enhanced. And the Editor found himself looking at a rosier aspect of the world, for which the milk of human kindness was responsible.

* * * * *

An air of gloom hung about the top floor of No. 17 Brendover Road. Jack Hatherleigh and his wife sat at their scanty breakfast, wondering how much longer they could prolong the struggle.

"It's three weeks since we've had a cheque," muttered Jack. "I've got two shillings. Have you got any money left?"

"I have nearly a sovereign, dear," replied Mrs. Hatherleigh, whose name, by the way, was Ethel, not Dorothy.

"Nearly a sovereign!" cried Jack Hatherleigh in surprise. "How ever have you managed it?"

"I pawned my engagement ring yesterday," replied the girl in low, unsteady tones, her gaze averted from her husband.

"My poor girl," he cried going to her side and putting his arm around her. "My poor girl." He could not say any more, there was an unpleasantly large lump in his throat.

"I'll start out now," he said presently in a husky voice. "It's my day for calling at the REGENT offices. They may have some good news for me." He kissed his wife passionately and started forth on his quest, on the well-trodden round of editorial offices.

He received an impetus at the office of a cheap illustrated paper where they gave him half-a-sovereign for a three-thousand word story. To such depths had he fallen that he took the money thankfully.

His next call was on the Editor of the REGENT. He saw one of the subs, as usual, but, to his surprise, this young man told him that the Editor wished to see him. A wild hope filled Jack's breast as he entered the awful inner chamber where the great man sat.

"Er—Mr. Hatherleigh," began the Editor. "A gentleman was in yesterday who required a secretary with literary tastes, and I gave him your name. He said he would call on you to-morrow."

"That was very kind of you," cried Jack. "I don't know how to thank you."

The Editor blushed and looked nervous. Jack put this down to a desire not to be thanked, whereas it was his hypocritical position that was the cause of it.

"And, Mr. Hatherleigh," continued the Editor. "I was reading that story of yours, 'A Bunch of Violets.' I have noted a few suggestions, and if you care to rewrite the story accordingly, I shall be pleased to use it."

Small wonder, therefore, that Jack Hatherleigh reached his poor home in a whirlwind of delight. He caught his wife in his arms and whirled her round the room in a paroxysm of excited joy. Then he breathlessly told her of the good fortune that had come to him.

"Oh, Jack, I do hope you'll suit. I wonder who the gentleman is. What is his name?"

"I forgot to ask," replied Jack lugubriously. "But I'll please him somehow or other."

On the following morning Mr. Rumperley toiled up to the top of the lodging-house and interviewed Jack. The latter was somewhat surprised at his probable patron, but he speedily recognised the natural kindness of Mr. Rumperley and he felt drawn towards him.

After a number of preliminary questions and answers, during which Jack gave the names of several men of standing as references, Mr. Rumperley said he was willing to offer him the appointment.

"I can only offer you two hundred pounds a year," he said.

Jack glowed. Why, two hundred pounds a year was a fortune in his present circumstances.

"I shall be very glad to accept your offer," he replied.

"I shall require your services from eleven in the morning to four in the afternoon," Mr. Rumperley said, though how he was going to employ Jack during that time he had no idea. "Let me see, you are married, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied Jack.

"Will you introduce me to your wife?"

"Certainly." Jack vanished and returned with Ethel, and at last Mr. Rumperley was speaking to the girl he had thought so much of. She took to her husband's employer at once, and he left the house charmed with the girl.

Not long after a small edition of Ethel Hatherleigh came, and nothing delighted Mr. Rumperley more than to sit in the garden smoking his pipe and taking care of baby.

All this time he had never mustered up courage to ask Ethel why she had waved on those evenings in the old days of his lonely existence. But one evening as he sat with the young mother and the baby, while Jack was busy in the garden, he broached the subject.

"Waved to you?" repeated Ethel in amazement.

"Yes, my dear, several nights you did it, just after seven o'clock."

Ethel sat with a mystified expression on her face for some little while, and then suddenly her countenance cleared, and she began to smile. She crossed to the sideboard and from a drawer withdrew a piece of white cloth about three feet square. Then she went to the window and waved the cloth outside.

"Was that what I did?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Rumperley eagerly.

"Then I was shaking the crumbs out of the tablecloth," she remarked demurely.

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Which is the best novel to read in November? (See page 328.)

The Largest Cheque Ever Drawn for a Limerick Winner was

FOR THE WINNER OF

SAMUDA'S

FIRST LIMERICK COMPETITION.

SAMUDA'S SECOND GRAND LIMERICK

JUDGES.

MR. H. GREENHOUGH SMITH, *Editor of the "Strand Magazine."*

MR. ARTHUR LAWRENCE, *Late Editor of the "Idler."*

MR. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT, *of the "World."*

SAMUDA'S FIRST PRIZE

WITH £2 A WEEK FOR LIFE.

FIRST PRIZE A FREEHOLD FURNISHED COUNTRY HOUSE, WITH PONY AND TRAP, AND £2 A WEEK GUARANTEED FOR LIFE.

CONSOLATION PRIZES—

Second Prize, £50; Third, £25; Fourth, £10; Fifth, £5;

Forty-Six Prizes of £1 1s.

THE PENSION WILL BE GUARANTEED.
IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

ANOTHER GREAT PRIZE.

In response to the wish of a large number of Competitors in our first Limerick, we have decided to commence a second great Limerick Competition, under the same fair conditions as governed our last. We now offer as a first prize the most attractive reward ever offered for public competition. What is the ambition of most people? A freehold country house with an income to keep it up! That is our first prize! The winner of Samuda's second Limerick Competition will be the proud possessor of a pretty house in the country, every brick of which will be his own, and in addition a guaranteed income of £2 per week for life, which will enable him to live in it.

A HOUSE COMPLETE.

By a house, Mr. Samuda does not mean a bare, empty house. It will be a pretty, well-kept, country villa, standing in its own grounds. The interior will be decorated and artistically furnished throughout by Messrs. Waring—kitchen, hall, dining, drawing-room, and bedrooms, with everything conducive to home comfort. Table linen, crockery, household utensils, bed-linen, draperies—all are included. The house contains every modern improvement, including bathroom, hot and cold water, electric light, &c. All you have to do is to win this prize, and the house will be ready for you to live in it, complete in every particular. And not only that—in the grounds the winner will find stable and coach-house; inside the stable a smart little pony, and inside the coach-house a neat little trap with harness complete, just ready to drive himself or herself and friends about the surrounding country. As all this would be of little service without an income, Mr. Samuda completes this desirable prize with the addition of a comfortable income of £2 per week for life, the payment of which will be guaranteed by a well-known Insurance Company.

A PRIZE WORTH WINNING.

This is certainly a prize worth straining every nerve to win. Some people may be better off, but the winner will always be well-to-do, supplied with home comforts, everything to make life prosperous and happy. Should you be thinking of getting married, the difficulty of saving and waiting is at once removed. If you are a worker in a crowded town or city you can exchange your lot for ease and comfort in the country. If you are middle-aged and have earned a title to retirement by a lifetime of work, this prize means an easy evening of life in restful and peaceful surroundings. A nice, country house, comfortable home, pony and trap to drive you about, and a regular weekly income, sufficient to support yourself and family for the rest of your life. Can anything be better or more complete? It should be remembered that the pension of £2 per week for life is a full £2 per week for necessities! A clear income, because you will be living rent free all the time.

THE OBJECT.

Mr. Samuda is the manufacturer of the well-known "AVOCA" Cigars, Cigarettes, &c., and for many years he has been determined to produce a high-grade quality non-injurious Virginia Cigarette at a popular price, to meet the requirements of the million. After extensive experiments the "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes were placed on the market, and the only difficulty was to find a method of quickly and inexpensively bringing them before the notice of the public. Mr. Samuda therefore decided to establish a Limerick Competition, feeling confident that every customer buying a sample hundred or so would in the future be a regular smoker of the "Traylee" Cigarettes.

CONDITIONS.

The conditions are simple. Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes, together with postal order for 2s. 6d. and 2d. for postage (2s. 8d. in all).

A FINAL WORD.

Most men smoke Cigarettes, and most men pay 2/6 per 100, and as the "Traylee" Cigarette is certainly superior in quality to any other sold at this price, each Competitor gets full value for money, and his chance to win this huge prize or one of the 50 cash consolation prizes does not cost him a single penny. Every smoker therefore should try as a matter of course, for it costs him nothing. Those who do not smoke should also try, and give the Cigarettes to some friend as a Xmas Gift.

THE JUDGES—ABSOLUTE FAIRNESS GUARANTEED.

As this is a special competition and not a weekly one, every line submitted will be carefully judged by an independent committee of three literary gentlemen. They alone decide the prize-winners, for the judging of the solutions is left entirely in their hands.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

1. Every solution sent in will be read and carefully considered by a Committee of Judges. As it is impossible to do this in the short space of one week, Competitors are requested to send in their last lines at the earliest possible date.
2. The names of the prize-winners will be published in *The Westminster Gazette* on January 10th, 1908.
3. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.
4. The winner's weekly income will commence from the date the competition closes, and cheques will be posted on the first of each month afterwards. The title-deeds to the house will be immediately handed over to the prize-winner.
5. No member of the firm, employee, or friend of any member or employee, is eligible to compete.
6. Any number of last lines may be sent, but for each one a further 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased, and the price thereof, including postage, 2s. 8d., included.
7. Competitors wishing to have the results specially posted to them must inclose an additional penny stamp when sending in their order.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND FILL UP CAREFULLY.

ENTRY COUPON.

X. P.W. 1.

Address Envelope—
The Limerick Committee,
c/o J. SAMUDA & Co.,
34 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

.....1907.

GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2.6, and 2d. for postage.

If from any cause you do not execute this order you are at liberty to return my money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a Competitor.

Full Name .....

Postal Address ..... (Please write clearly.)

Town ..... County .....

Here is an unfinished Limerick, to which the last line should be added:—

There's a Cigarette commencing with "T,"
Its full name is Irish, "Traylee."
It's Samuda's, the best,
Of fine leaf from the West

.....

I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

If more than one last line is sent, write same on a plain sheet of paper, and pin to the entry form; for each last line sent in 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased at 2/8 including postage.

Further entry coupons will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

"I was very Weak and Depressed."

Mrs. Rodgers, of Edward Road, Freemantle, near Southampton, writes on 13th June:—

"Before taking Guy's Tonic I was very Weak and Depressed, with no Appetite whatever. I could get no rest at night, had severe tremblings all over my Body, and felt so Faint and Flushed that I dreaded to be left alone. My Nervous System was completely Run-Down.

"A friend advised me to try Guy's Tonic for these Symptoms, which I did. After taking one small bottle I felt a decided improvement, and am happy to say I can now Eat and Sleep well, and the unpleasant Symptoms have entirely disappeared. I feel myself again."

Now Quite Well—Thanks to Guy's Tonic.

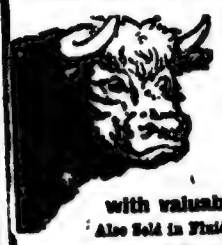
Guy's Tonic exerts a Tonic and Restorative effect upon those powers of the Body whose office it is to take up the Food brought to them by the Blood, and out of such to make new stores of Strength, Vigour and Nerve Force. So that, owing to the action of Guy's Tonic, the reserve store of Vitality in the System is considerably increased, and the patient not only feels Stronger and more robust, but is indeed actually so.

Those who take Guy's Tonic to aid their Digestive Powers, or to correct Bilious, Nervous, and Dyspeptic Symptoms, invariably obtain the greatest possible benefit from its use. Sufferers from Nervous Exhaustion, Debility, and general Ill-Health are Invigorated by Guy's Tonic in a really wonderful manner.

When feeling Weak, Depressed, and Tired out, the quickest way to renewed Health and Strength is to be found in Guy's Tonic. This pleasant and purely Vegetable Remedy promotes an excellent Appetite, ensures perfect Digestion, and restores Vigour and Vitality to every Organ of the Body. Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d. per bottle (Family size 2s. 9d.), is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the World.

JU-VIS

Ju-Vis is an absolutely pure and wholesome article made from Extract of Meat, with valuable vegetable additions.



Simply add boiling water. Sold in 1d., 3½d., and 10½d. sizes. A penny Tablet makes a Breakfast Cup of delicious

BEEF TEA

with valuable nutritive vegetable additions.

Also Sold in Fluid Form, 2oz. bottles, 6½d.; 4oz., 11½d.; 8oz., 1/9.

JU-VIS

Quaker Oats

THE BEST OATMEAL MADE

Delicious COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

Since others like them—Why not you?
No others like them—So try the true.

PAT-A-CAKE BISCUITS.

They're Peek Freans—a guarantee of purity

GIVEN AWAY.

ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

A Wonderful Book on Money Making.

Within the last few weeks there has been an overwhelming demand for a remarkable book dealing with a subject of absorbing interest, a subject that interests both young and old, rich and poor alike. This little volume does not ascend into the realms of visions; on the contrary, it tears aside the curtain that so often obscures our understanding of things, and it deals with plain, cold facts. It enlightens the man who is interested and instructs and informs the man who is ignorant. It tells of new fields and pastures green, and points—without fear or favour—to where those fields and pastures lie.

This is not a book for the library shelf. It is a book to be read, and can be read by the young as well as the old. It will serve as a fund of information for the former and a source of inspiration to the latter. For every careful, thrifty man or woman it is one of the books that are essential. One's education is not complete without having read its thrilling and fascinating pages. The subject of money-making by modern methods is fully explained, and considering the invaluable nature of the information imparted, it is dealt in such a masterly manner that your interest is at its highest pitch from beginning to end.

Nearly one hundred thousand copies of this publication have already been distributed, and those who have read it through have sent for copies for their friends.

This book, that no one can read without benefit, will, for a limited period only, be sent free to all inquirers.

There is, of course, no telling how soon it may be impossible to procure further copies, and it would therefore be unwise to miss such an opportunity.

Write at once—to-day—and you will receive a copy by return post.

Simply send your full name and address (a post-card will do) to the publishers, Messrs. Arnold and Butler (Room 611 d), 124 Holborn, London, E.C. The book will be sent you absolutely free of all cost and you may keep it without incurring any obligation of any kind.

[ADVT.]

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Send full name (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) birth date and a penny stamp for **Free** Reading giving exact facts about your past, present and future, your business, love affairs, lucky days, etc. by the World's Greatest Astrologer. **Prof. EDSON. Dept. 207, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A.**

Put a 2½d. stamp on the letter you post to me.

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The description given of the little "MAB" as the FINEST SHAVING IMPLEMENT IN THE WORLD is confirmed by Thousands of Testimonials.

DWARF, Black Handle ... ... 2s. 6d.
"MAB SPECIAL," Narrow Blade 2s. 6d.
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HAVE YOU A COLD? DR. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING-BOTTLE

Immediately Cures COLD IN THE HEAD, INFLUENZA, NERVOUS HEADACHE, or HAY FEVER. Instantly relieves Neuralgia in the Head, Faintness and Dizziness. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price One Shilling, or Post free 14 Stamps, from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading.

N.B.—Refuse Worthless Imitations

FREE

Astl's great masterpiece: **JULIA**, or the companion picture **Helena**, each in 22 colours, size 23 by 17 in., free to anyone who sends in 50 1d. wrappers or equivalent from Nixey's goods, addressed to—

W. G. NIXEY, 12 Soho Square, London, W.

NIXEY'S BLACK LEAD

BLOCK OR PASTE

1d., 2d., 4d. Blocks; 1d., 2½d., & 5d. Tins.

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR.

A 1d. packet makes 15 delicious light buns with certain success, Almond, Lemon, or Vanilla.

Look for name Ingersoll on dial. It protects you from fraud.

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This is the Ingersoll 5/- Watch, which sells at the lowest price, carries the strongest guarantee, and has a larger sale than all other watches. Accurate and reliable.

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Robt. H. INGERSOLL & Bro., 288 Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.

Smile at the Grocer and say—

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BIFTI BEEF TABLETS (1) 1d. EACH

Proof in the Facts: "I find that SCOTT'S Emulsion is much

MORE EASILY DIGESTED

than plain cod liver oil. I have used SCOTT'S largely, always with most successful results, for lung trouble, rickets and all wasting diseases, whether in adults or children. I always recommend SCOTT'S, knowing I have something I can rely on." FLORA WILSON, Certificated Nurse.

52 Barclay Rd., Walham Green, London, S.W. 2/10/06.

See that the Fishman with the Fish is on the package.

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It is not what we eat that does us good, but what we digest. The superb quality Lofoten cod liver oil, of which SCOTT'S Emulsion is always made, is full of nourishment; yet this nourishment would be of little avail to the sufferer were not the oil made perfectly digestible by the original, perfected Scott process. This is why

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is able to stop lung trouble, rickets and all wasting diseases when every other form of cod liver oil and every other cod liver oil emulsion fail. Therefore, when purchasing, don't ask for "Emulsion"; ask for and get SCOTT'S Emulsion—the difference between them means a cure for you.

Write for free sample and "The Cry of the Children" (enclose 4d. for postage and name this paper). SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

Eiffel Tower MILK PUDDING

A 1d. packet makes a delicious milk pudding in ten minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.

THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

Borwick's Baking Powder.

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Recommended by thousands of Doctors

London Lady Doctor writes: "In hundreds of cases of anæmia in children, girls & women I found D'Hommel's Hæmatogen decidedly the best tonic, ready to use, and palatable."

Dr. D'HOMMEL'S HÆMATOGEN is a Liquid Food. Bottles only, not in capsules or other forms. Price 2/6. From Chemists and Stores.—Free Pamphlet from NICOLAY & Co., 36 St. Andrew's Hill, London, E.C.

A DAY IN A PRESS AGENT'S LIFE.

By WILL. A. BENNET.

Press Representative of Moss' Empires, Limited, and the London Hippodrome.

"YOU'VE got a fine job, Bennet," said a famous variety artiste to me one night, adding, "All you've got to do is to look nice in evening dress, be able to drink any amount of whisky, smoke half-a-crown cigars, and be generous to your friends with free tickets. You lucky dog, you!"

Yes, I thought to myself, that's the popular idea of a Press agent's life, but I only wish some of those who think my bed is made of Gloire de Dijon roses had to sleep on it for a week or even for a day; I fancy they would find there were more thorns than roseleaves about it.

A Press agent's duties begin with "booming the show"; but where they end, if they ever do end, is more than I have as yet been able to discover. However, let me try to give you some idea of my daily work.

There are people, I believe, who look forward to the morning's post, but I certainly am not amongst them. My morning mail is always a heavy one, averaging over one hundred letters a day, and, as a rule, it is just a bagful of worry.

THREATENING AND ABUSIVE LETTERS.

The majority of these missives are of a grumbling, often of a threatening and abusive nature, and come from artistes who are dissatisfied with my efforts to "boom" them—no artiste ever was satisfied with the publicity given to him; but let that pass.

Many of these letters are couched in language which would fairly blister *P.W.* if reproduced, but here is a good-natured one from a very well-known comedian:

"Dear Mr. Bennet,—Please don't bill me again (if it is your doing) as the 'airy comedian,' because in the highly educated Provinces (Heaven forgive me for a liar!) they think you have dropped an 'H,' and considering I am going a little thin on the top it makes confusion worse confounded.

"Where is this puff article which I have vainly looked for as flowing from your gifted pen? It strikes me forcibly 'twas but a dirty trick to get a photo for your own vile combined room out of a poor hardworking first-turn, thou scurvy knave. Postal order 7s. 6d. (cost of photo) per return will greatly oblige."

Then there are newspaper cuttings (originated by me) by the bushel, which I anxiously scan for the mistakes which sub-editors and printers *will* make over the spelling of names.

For few things annoy an artiste more than to have his name misspelt, and I remember a very large and fierce comedian whose name, despite my utmost endeavours, the Press *would* spell with a final "E," bursting into my room, and, after hitting my desk a crack, which upset all the ink-bottles and nearly splintered the wood, bellowing, "Look here, Mister Bennet, I won't stand it any longer; don't you dare to put another line in the papers about me until you have learned to spell my name correctly."

FREE TICKETS, AHOY!

Appeals from the stage-struck, threatening letters from photographers claiming copyright fees for photographs which I had been assured were non-copyright, requests for free tickets (by the score), unsolicited stories, plays, and even novels, demands from editors for "copy," reports from my assistants in the provinces, wails from local managers who declare I am neglecting them—all go to make up a heavy budget which I rapidly dispose of whilst endeavouring to skim the cream off all the morning newspapers.

Probably, I am not half-way through it before callers begin to arrive, and the serial story of the mailbag is continued.

"Why did Miss —— have a page in the —— and me nothing?" "You never do anything for me, Mr. B." "Can't you get me a double page photo in the ——?" and so on. Grumbles, grumbles, grumbles.

But to the more serious business of the day—the "Chief" wants to see me.

I never know what may be in store for me when I go to Mr. Stoll's room. Within a few minutes I may be hurrying to one of the big stations *en route* for some distant town, or I may be told to take charge of and "dry nurse" some important turn through the provinces, or I may be dispatched to hunt London for some artiste whose whereabouts are unknown—anything may happen, and what does happen is usually unexpected.

But in the ordinary course of events I make my report on halls I have visited, receive orders and instructions about new turns, changes of programme, the latter often involving a great deal of work to be done all over again, working up certain halls, and it is seldom I return from the "Chief's" presence without several hours of hard and urgent work before me.

In the afternoon I have to visit special *matinées*, interview callers, go round newspaper offices, arrange for photographers' sittings, write paragraphs for the Press, correct proofs, and always, always I am planning fresh "gags," *i.e.*, schemes for advertising our halls and artistes, and keeping ever before me a mental panorama of the Moss-Stoll system, and noting the changes in the dispositions of the artistes, as one shifts and moves the little flags on a war map.

But our "engagements" are made so far ahead that my mimic battles are often planned and fought in the middle of the year after next.

The evening brings no respite. On the contrary, I have if possible to work harder than ever. For it is a very essential part of my duties to visit our suburban halls, confer with their managers on possible and necessary "booms," and on one occasion I visited seven different halls in a radius of twenty-three miles, and saw twelve different turns, all within four hours from the time of leaving Cranbourn Street and returning to it.

I remember an amusing incident at the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, Walsall, when we converted it into a hall. I had been down well beforehand to work up the excitement, with the result that the house was packed on the opening night.

SEVENTEEN IN A BOX.

I was walking round the circle to see that everything was in order when I espied an angry group at the box-corridor. A trembling programme girl was endeavouring to prevent a Herculean miner from taking possession of a box with a party of seventeen, men, women, and children, mostly the latter.

Now, I am required to give assistance to the management of any of our theatres whenever necessary, and so I went up to the excited little crowd and said sharply, "What's wrong here?"

"Ah've got ter box, la-ad, and 'ah've paid for ut," bellowed the miner, "an ah'd like ter see th' ma-an that'll git in th' way o' me havin' ut."

And this formidable Cannock Chase collier glared fiercely at me, and as he spoke he smote my dress shirt-front heavily with his coal-begrimed knuckles. It seemed to me inadvisable just then to attempt to argue the rights or the wrongs of the matter with him, so I sought to crush him with an object lesson, and answered, "Come this way, old chap," and threw open the door of the box he had bought.

"Now," said I, "there is your box. If you can get your little tribe in there, go ahead and welcome."

I thought I had him crushed, but far from it.

"Spoken bravely, la-ad," said the collier, beaming, and seizing my hand in a terrible grip, "git in, old 'ooman."

Two women were placed in front with a child on each knee; another man sat behind with two more children, and the remainder were ranged up at the back of the chairs, and my miner stood triumphantly in the doorway.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN A LION'S DEN.

Then that man seized my arm—it was black and blue next day—led me to the saloon bar, and insisted on my drinking with him. And as we got into the broad glare of the electric lights roars of laughter from the assembled crowd suddenly made me aware of the disaster of my shirt-front.

But it was all in the day's work, as it had been, and is all in the day's work to go up in a balloon with Miss Godwynne Earle and Mr. Louis Bradfield, to fall into the Hippodrome tank whilst superintending the photographing of a new spectacle, to be arrested for causing an obstruction in the streets, to be summoned for furious driving in a motor-car, to "loop the loop" and "twirl the twirl."

To find a bride for Henri Cot, the French giant, to take tea with the Pigmies, to drive the late lamented "Consul," most famous of apes, all over London, to be ejected from meetings of the Variety Artistes' Federation during the strikes; but, nevertheless, to obtain a full report of their proceedings, personally to conduct over a hundred journalists and guests from London to Liverpool for the opening of our Olympia there, to travel thousands of miles by rail and motor-car.

To act on occasion as scene-shifter, limelight man, box-office keeper, and even to act, to make speeches by the score, to write paragraphs by the mile, to be photographed in a lion's den, to try to ride a turtle, to be bitten by an entertainer's dogs, to be threatened with actions for libel.

And work sixteen hours a day out of the twenty-four.

Will. A. Bennet.

Living Landmarks.

The Old Harp Player (Birmingham.)

[Horace Wimpole's musical talents are well known and appreciated in Birmingham. He is a picturesque but sad-looking old man, with well-cut features and a refined air.]

BORN at Birmingham in 1842, I was brought up to the button trade, and worked at Aston's in Prince's Street for more than thirty years. Unfortunately, however, the firm were obliged to close their factory, and I, with many others, was thrown out of employment at a time when trade all round was very bad in Birmingham.

I was always devoted to music, as was my father before me. Indeed, he was considered one of the best harpists in the Midlands, and my earliest recollections are of his giving me lessons on the harp, on which I soon acquired a fair measure of skill.

When my father died his harp, the very one I am now using, descended to me, and I used to play a lot on it, although never with any idea of earning a living by it, until the bad times came.

I daresay I might have got more or less regular work as a harpist at entertainments, but it was summer when I lost my situation—a dead season for harpists—and so I took to playing in the streets.

For the first few years I had an old flautist for partner. He was a kindred spirit, loving the grand old masters like Mendelssohn and Beethoven as dearly as I do, and as Birmingham is fond of good music we did very well.

WHY THE PARTNER STARVED HIMSELF.

My partner was a very reserved man, and most careful with money. Indeed, I used to think him something of a miser, for although we had enough and to spare he scarcely spent enough on food to keep himself alive.

One morning he did not arrive at our usual meeting place, and I went round to his lodging and thus discovered the secret of his seeming meanness. He had an invalid wife who required constant medical treatment and many luxuries which he half-starved himself to provide.

Yes, sir, there are many brave deeds that never find their way into the papers, but I venture to think that when all things are made known my old friend's self-sacrifice will not go unrewarded. His wife died soon after this, to be quickly followed by her husband.

Left to myself, I joined a cornet and a violin, but it was never a happy arrangement so far as I was concerned. Our ideas of what was music clashed, and I hated the cheap trash they delighted in, so we parted, and for the past ten years I have worked Birmingham and neighbourhood single-handed and shall do so to the end.

Music is far more to me than a collection of notes. When I am playing I lose sight of the busy throng around me, and live in the theme I am endeavouring to interpret.

Gounod's "Reverie" is a great favourite of mine, and whilst playing this I am in the organ-loft of an old country church, and I can hear the rustling of the leaves in the lane outside, and the voices of the birds calling to each other as they homewards fly.

MONEY FOR VALUE RECEIVED.

Who is my favourite composer? Well, I think Mendelssohn appeals to me more than any other. He is a harper of glorious skill—his instrument the human heart, the strings of which he touches with God-guided fingers.

Yes, sir, Birmingham is a wonderful city. But to me it is dearer for what it was than for what it is. Such men as Sam Timmins, J. S. Wright, George Dawson, Joseph Chamberlain—I knew them all years ago—and Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant," was very friendly with me, and knew my father well.

I am quite contented with my lot. Indeed, why should I be otherwise? I earn enough for my wants, and as some great writer said—I think it was Carlyle—"Wealth does not consist in the extent of our possessions, but in the modesty of our requirements." If that be so, then I am wealthy, for all my needs are satisfied.

Many people would help me, if I needed help. But I do not. I do not want, nor would I accept, charity. If any of my audience chooses to put a copper in my can—and many do—I take it thankfully, but conscious at the same time that I have given them something in return.

There are few harp-players in the public streets. You see, the cost of a good instrument is beyond the reach of poor folks. This harp of mine cost my father seventy guineas, and I have always to be spending money on strings, some of which are very expensive.

I fear I have nothing to add to my simple tale. I am getting an old man now; the sands of my life are fast running out, and when the Great Conductor points his bâton my way he will find me ready—very ready.

Of course you are an admirer of King Edward. Well, just read the account of his year's work in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. You'll admire him still more.

A Story of the Indian Mutiny.

THE RED YEAR.

By LOUIS TRACY,*

Author of "The Final War," "Rainbow Island," etc., etc.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.
The Expiation.

It was a dearly-bought triumph. On September 14th the conquering army lost sixty-six officers and eleven hundred and four men. Between May 30th and September 20th, the total British casualties were nearly four thousand.

Malcolm soon learnt that the Princess Roshinara had fled with her father and brothers. Probably the death of Akhab Khan had unnerved her, and she dared not trust to the mercy of the victors. Frank was among the first to enter the palace. After a few fanatical ghazees were made an end of he hurried towards the zenana. It was empty. He searched its glittering apartments with feverish anxiety, but he met no human being until some men of the 75th entered and began to prise open boxes and cupboards in the search for loot.

After that, his duties took him to the Ridge, and it was not until all was over that he heard how Hodson had captured the King and shot the royal Princess with his own hand. This tragedy took place on the road from Humayum's Tomb, whither the wretched monarch retreated when it was seen that Delhi must yield.

Hodson claimed to be an executioner, not a murderer. He held that he acted under the pressure of a mob intent on rescuing Mirza Moghul, the heir-apparent, and his brother and son. That all three were cowardly ruffians, and merciless in their treatment of the English captured in Delhi on May 11 cannot be denied, but Hodson's action was condemned by many, and it was perhaps as well that he found a soldier's grave during Colin Campbell's advance on Lucknow.

It was there that the fortune of war next brought Malcolm. Delhi had scarce quieted down after the storm and fury of the week's street fighting when Havelock, reinforced by Outram, drove the relief force through the insurgent ring around the Residency like some stout ship forcing her way to port through a raging sea. No sooner had he entered the entrenchment on September 25th than the rebel waves surged together again in his rear, and on the 27th the Residency was again invested almost as closely as ever. But the new column infused vigour and hope in the hearts of a garrison that had ceased even to despair.

Apathy, a quiet waiting for death, was the prevalent attitude in Lucknow, until the Highland bonnets were seen tossing above the last line of mutineers that tried to bar their passage through the streets. At once the besieged took up the offensive. The lines were greatly extended, the enemy's advanced posts were carried with the bayonet, troublesome guns were seized and spiked, and the rebel mining operations summarily stopped.

Two days before Havelock's little army cut its way into Lucknow, Ungud, the pensioner, crept in to the intrenchment and announced the coming relief. He was not believed. Twice already had he brought that cheering message, and events had falsified his news.

Winifred, a worn and pallid Winifred by this time, sought him and asked for tidings of Malcolm. He had none. There was a rumour that Delhi had fallen, and an officer had told him that there was a Major Malcolm on Nicholson's staff. That was all. Not a letter, not a sign, came to reassure the heart-broken girl, so the joy of Havelock's arrival was dimmed for her by the uncertainty that obtained in regard to her lover's fate.

Then the dreadful waiting began again. After having endured a plague of heat in the hot weather, the remnant of the original garrison was subjected to the torment of cold in the months that followed. In Upper India the change of temperature is so remarkably sudden that it is incomprehensible to those who live in more favoured climes. Early in October the thermometer falls by many degrees each day. The reason is, of course, that the diminishing power of the sun permits the earth to throw off by night the heat, always intense, stored during the day. Something in the nature of an atmospheric vacuum is thus created, and the resultant cold continues until the opposite effect brings about the lasting heat of the summer months, which begin about March 15 in that part of India.

But scientific explanations of unpleasant phenomena are poor substitutes for their scanty clothing. In some respects the last position of the beleaguered garrison was worse than the first, and the days wore on in seemingly endless misery, until absolutely authentic intelligence arrived on November 9th that Sir Colin Campbell was at Burnee, and would march forthwith to relieve the Residency.

Then Outram, who had succeeded to the chief command as soon as Havelock joined hands with Inglis, called for a volunteer who would act as Sir Colin's guide through the network of canals, roads, and scattered suburbs that added to the dangers of Lucknow's narrow streets, and a man named Kavanagh, an uncovenanted civilian, offered his services.

It is not hard to picture Kavanagh's lot if he were captured by the mutineers. His own views were definite on the point. Beneath his native disguise he carried a pistol, not for use against an enemy, but to take his own life if he failed to creep through the investing lines. But he succeeded, and lived to be the only civilian hero ever awarded the Victoria Cross.

Another incident of the march should be noted. Malcolm saw preparations being made to hang a Mohammedan who was suspected of having ill treated Europeans. The man protested his innocence, but he was not listened to. Then Frank, thinking he remembered his face, questioned him, and found he was the zemindar who helped Winifred, her uncle, and himself during the flight from Cawnpore.

Such testimony from an officer more than sufficed to outweigh the slight evidence against the prisoner, who was set at liberty forthwith. During the remainder of his life he had ample leisure to reflect on the good fortune that led him to help the people who sought his assistance on that June night. Were it not for Malcolm's interference he would have been hanged without mercy, and possibly not without good cause.

On the afternoon of November 11th Sir Colin Campbell reviewed his little army. It was drawn up in parade order, on a plain a few miles south of the Dilkusha. Three thousand four hundred men faced him, and the smallness of the number is eloquent of the magnitude of their task. Indeed, that is one of the salient features of each main episode of the mutiny. Nicholson at Delhi, Havelock at Cawnpore and on the way to Lucknow, Colin Campbell in the pending action, and Sir Hugh Rose in many a hard-fought battle in Central India, one and all were called on to attack and defeat ten times the number of sepoys.

But what fine troops they were who met the Commander-in-Chief's gaze as they stood marshalled there on that dusty Indian *maidan!* Peel's sailors, with eight heavy guns; artillerymen standing by the cannon that had sounded the knell of Delhi from below the Ridge; the 9th Lancers, who held the right flank when the capture of Hindu Rao's house would have meant the collapse of the assault; the 8th and 75th Foot, the 2nd and 4th Punjabis—all these had followed the Lion of the Punjab when he stormed the Cashmere Bastion.

Sikh Cavalry, too, and Hodson's wild horsemen, and many another gallant soldier fresh from the immortal siege, returned the General's quiet scrutiny as he rode past, and doubtless wondered how he would compare as a leader with the man whom they had left in the little cemetery at the foot of the Ridge.

It is on record that from the end of the line came a yell of welcome and recognition. The 93rd Highlanders remembered what Campbell had done in the Crimea, and their joyful slogan brought a flush to the bronzed face of the old war dog when he learnt the significance of their greeting.

Next morning began a three days' battle. Perhaps there was never an action so spectacular, so thrilling, so amazingly in earnest, as the continuous fight which brought about the second relief of Lucknow. At the Alumbagh, at the Dilkusha and La Martinière school, at the Secunder Bagh and the Shah Nujeef, were fought fiercely-contested combats that in other campaigns would have figured as independent battles, each highly important in the history of the time.

The taking of the Shah Nujeef alone was worthy of Homeric praise. It was a mosque that stood in a garden, bounded by a high and stout wall, and protected by jungle and mud hovels. Its peculiar position, joined to the number of guns mounted on its walls and the thousands of sepoys who held it, made it impossible for a devoted artillery to create an effective breach. Yet if the relieving force failed here, they failed altogether. So Sir Colin asked his men for a supreme effort.

Riding forward himself, accompanied by his staff and Sir Adrian Hope, Colonel of the 93rd, he cheered on his loved Highlanders. Cannot one hear the pipes amid that din of cannon and musketry? Cannot one see the shot-torn colours fluttering in the breeze, the plaids of the gallant Highland gentlemen who led the 93rd vanishing in the smoke and dust?

Middleton's battery of the Royal Artillery came dashing up, "the drivers waving their whips, the gunners their caps," unhindered within forty yards of the wall, and opened fire with grape. Men and horses fell in scores, but somehow, anyhow, an entrance was gained and the Shah Nujeef was taken. Feeble must be the pulse that does not beat faster, dim the eye that does not kindle, as one hears how those Britons fought and died, but did not die in vain.

Next day Captain Garnet Wolseley led a storming party against the Motee Mahal, and the self-sacrificing heroism of the Shah Nujeef was displayed again here, and with the same result.

And so the wild fight went on, till Outram and Havelock, Napier, Eyre, Havelock's son, and four other officers ran from the Residency through a tempest of lead showered on them from the Kaiser Bagh, and Hope Grant, dashing forward from the van of Colin Campbell's force, shook hands with the hero of the first relief.

Half an hour later Malcolm entered the Residency. At first sight it was an abode of sorrow. Death and ruin seemed to have combined there to wreak their spite on mankind and his belongings.

He hurried on, scanning each excited group for one face that he thought he would recognise were it fifty years instead of five months since their last meeting. He, of course, was even a finer-looking and better set up soldier now than when he galloped along the flame-lit roads of Meerut on that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday night in May, and it is not to be wondered at if he failed to allow for the effect on Winfred of the ordeal she had gone through.

Perhaps his keen eyes were covered with a mist, perhaps the growing fear in his heart forbade his tongue to ask a question because he dreaded the answer. Perhaps sheer agitation may have rendered him incapable of distinguishing one among so many. Howsoever that may be, he knew nothing, saw no one, until a wan, slim-figured woman, a woman clothed in tattered rags, down whose pallid cheeks streamed the divine tears of happiness, touched his arm and sobbed:

"Are you looking for me—dear?"

* * * *

The Mutiny was by no means ended with the fall of Delhi and the Second Relief of Lucknow. North and South and East and West the rebels were hunted with untiring zeal. Sometimes in scattered bands, less often in formidable armies, they were pursued and annihilated.

Quickly degenerating into mere robber hordes, they became a pest to the unhappy villagers in the remoter parts of the different provinces, and it was long ere the last embers of the fire were stamped out.

But the end came, and on November 1st, 1858, amid salvoes of artillery and to the accompaniment of festivities innumerable, Queen Victoria proclaimed the abolition of the East India Company and assumed the sovereignty of the country. Her Majesty took no territory, confirmed all treaties, promised religious toleration and civil equality to all her Indian subjects, and gave full and complete pardon to every rebel who was not a murderer.

The Queen's gracious and peace-bringing words supplied a fitting close to India's Red Year.

The great land of Hindustan has doubled its teeming populations and increased its prosperity out of all comparable reckoning during the fifty years that have passed since the Mutiny. Many of the descendants of men who fought against the British Raj are now its trusted servants, and there is not in India to-day a native gentleman of any importance who would not assist the Government with his life and fortune to save his country from the lawless horrors of any similar outbreak.

But these are matters for the politician and the statesman. It is more fitting that this story of the lives and fortunes of a few of the actors in a great human drama should conclude with such particulars of their subsequent history as have filtered through time's close-woven mesh of half a century.

One day in February, not so long ago, a young officer of the Guides, who had come to Lucknow for "Cup" week, was standing in the porch of the Mahomed Bagh Club, when he heard a young lady bewailing the fate in the shape of a tikkagharry, which had brought her there. Her "people" were at the Chutter Munzil Club, miles away, for Lucknow is a big place, and she was already late for tea.

Being a nice young man, the said officer of Guides could not bear to see a nice young woman in distress.

"My dogcart is just coming up," he said, "and I am going to the Chutter Munzil. Won't you let me drive you there?"

She blushed, and hesitated, and, of course, agreed.

"You are stationed here, I suppose?" she said.

"No, indeed. My regiment is at Quetta, but I was reared on the records of Lucknow. My grandmother went through the whole of the siege, and my grandfather was with the Second Relief. It must have agreed with their health, for they were both out here two years since, and I went over the Mutiny ground with them."

"How interesting! Was that how they met?"

"No. They were engaged just before the Residency was invested. It is an awfully interesting yarn, and I should like some day to have a chance of telling it to you. There is a native princess in it, and a pearl necklace, which is worth quite a lot of money, and is believed to have been stolen by a sepoy before my grandfather obtained it, quite by accident. And the old chap—he was quite a young chap then, you know—had a remarkable native servant who did so well at the Mutiny that he became a nawab or something of the sort. Really, the whole thing is more like a book than real life."

"I had a grandmother in the Mutiny," said the girl, "but she had such a sad experience that she seldom mentioned it. Her maiden name was Keene, and her father was killed at Fattehpur——"

"Keene! Did she ever speak of a man named Malcolm, who saved her and her sister?"

"Oh, yes! You don't mean to say——"

"Yes, really, I'm his grandson. Now, isn't that the queerest thing? Just imagine the odds against my meeting you here under such conditions? Please tell me your name, and you'll let me call, won't you?"

The girl was somewhat breathless. Young Malcolm was looking at her as though he felt that a special dispensation of Providence had brought them together.

"I am sure my mother will be glad to meet you and hear all about those old days at Lucknow," she said shyly.

So it may be that the grey ruins of the Residency, over which the flag flies ever, that was kept there so resolutely by the men and women in '57, saw the beginning of another love idyll, destined to end as happily as that which had its being amidst the terrors and fury of the Mutiny.

The End.

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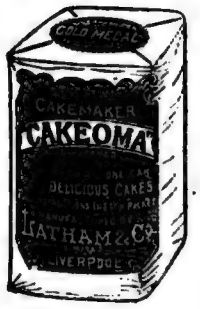

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YOU MUST SEE PAGE 325.

1D. CARD OF

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Anointing the skin to heal its injuries and sores, and keep the tissues healthy and free from blemish is a very ancient custom. In the days of Rome it was more part and parcel of the life of those clever people than even the bath-tub is in ours to-day; for while frequent water bathing is apt to cause chills by robbing the skin of its natural oil, these anointings preserved the soft texture of the skin, and ensured freedom from eruptions and sores.

In recent years these attentions to the skin had fallen into disuse through the substitution of imperfect ointments, chiefly made up of rancid animal fats and mineral poison which no person aware of their true identity and their corrupting influence would ever think of applying to his or her own body. The skin is the great purifying agent of the human system. It is pierced by millions of tiny holes or pores which breathe out the impurities of the system, and the process is of quite as much importance to the health as the process of breathing with our mouths. These pores are indeed microscopic mouths for throwing off the waste of the system; and it is generally when these pores are not working properly, or clogged up by the use of coarse salves and ointments, that sores and eruptions break out.

Is it to be wondered at that the very words ointment and salve to-day, associated as they are with rancid animal grease and mineral substitutes, are repulsive to the majority of people? With the advent of Zam-Buk, famed for its refinement and marvellous curative properties, ointments and salves are now happily discarded and relegated to the dead past.

Zam-Buk owes its origin to scientific thought in an entirely new and fresh direction. It is a reversion to the custom of anointing the skin prevailing in the days of ancient Rome, when the secret of an unblemished skin was understood and applied by Cæsar's daughters, and when the brave gladiators so seldom emerged from the arena without some gaping wound, that rapid and natural skin-healing was vital to his safety and renown.

In the scientific inquiry that led up to the wonderful discovery of Zam-Buk, the notions which govern present-day ointments and equally objectionable salves and embrocations were put absolutely to one side, and the principles of the ancient art of anointing the skin was carefully probed into.

Two practical conclusions were come to in the course of this deliberation, viz.:—

(1.) That animal fats and mineral poisons were an unnatural, unclean, and harmful innovation in the ointments of modern times, that ointments and salves employing such ingredients could not, on account of their lack of refinement, be taken up by the pores of the skin; while if any of the nasty grease did burrow into the flesh, no real good, but possibly harm, was likely to follow.

(2.) That inasmuch as Nature herself first gave us the instinct to rub a place that hurts, the ideal application was probably to be found in amongst Nature's rare medicinal herbs and plants growing on the outskirts of civilisation.

How wonderfully successful were the inquiries along these lines—how certain vegetable saps and juices and oils were carefully selected, and then how costly experiments became necessary in order to refine these products and ascertain the best proportion of each beautiful ingredient—how, when the healing, soothing, and antiseptic efficiency of the pure balm had been brought to the highest standard by an original method of joining together the different saps and juices, there still remained the task of inventing new and large enough machinery for producing Zam-Buk on a scale and at a price within the reach of the most modest purse, and how since the attainment of this success Zam-Buk has justified its claim to be the world's greatest healing balm, and, as such, is to-day freely endorsed by medical men, nurses, and others, and is the ever-ready first-aid and skin-cure of the British race.—This is a story that needs no re-telling here.

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The next worst thing to rubbing on the skin nasty ointments containing rancid animal fat is to try and cure skin irritation and skin eruptions with cheap salves, possessing no medical properties, and which their makers do not dare to recommend for the cure of any actual skin disease. Chafing and roughness, brought out first, perhaps, by the bad weather, are Nature's early signals of skin disease, and instant recourse to the medicinal anointings with Zam-Buk is indispensable if your skin is to be saved from the clutches of some obstinate affliction, and once more endowed with the clearness and velvety feeling which reflects the health of the tissue, which is the great purifying surface of your body.

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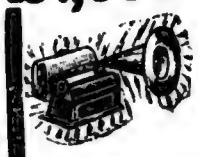

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HOME NOTES PAGE.

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SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Crisp Wafers

Are always popular and easily made. Make two pounds of flour into a stiff paste with a pint of milk, and the yolks of two eggs; add a little salt. Knead the paste till quite smooth, and roll out very thin. Cut into rounds with a sharp cutter, prick with a fork, and bake slowly till crisp.

Apple Jam.

Weigh two pounds of apples, peeled and cored, put them into a stewpan with about one pint of cider and one pound and a half of preserving sugar (and a little root ginger is liked by some people). Cook slowly till the fruit is perfectly soft, then press it through a colander, and pot for use. (*Reply to* MARYAN FOWEY.)

Lemon Rice.

Cook three ounces of rice in a pint of milk till tender. Then sweeten with caster sugar, and flavour with essence of lemon. Pour into a pie-dish, and serve with this sauce: Beat one egg until stiff with two ounces of sugar, then add half a cupful of boiling water, and flavour with lemon juice. If you have it, use lemon rind to flavour the rice instead of essence.

Egyptian Stew.

Wash and soak one pint of lentils, and place in a stewpan with three carrots, two turnips, two onions, two sticks of celery, all cut very small. Pour over a quart of water or stock, add pepper and salt, and stew slowly for two hours and a half. Then add some slices of cold meat, and simmer for half an hour. Ten minutes before serving add ketchup and browning to taste, and serve in a deep dish.

Hasty Pudding.

Boil one quart of new milk with a little salt to flavour. Work six ounces of flour into a paste with cold water, and pour the boiling milk on it while stirring. Return to the saucepan, stir while boiling for ten minutes, put into a buttered pie-dish, put a little butter on the top, and just brown in the oven. Serve with sugar and a squeeze of lemon juice.

German Beefsteaks.

Take one pound of beefsteak and one pound of veal, mince them very finely, and add a little chopped parsley, the squeeze of a lemon, a small quantity of anchovy sauce, one egg, with pepper and salt to taste. Mix all well together, shape into rounds, which must be dipped into egg and breadcrumbs and fried in boiling fat. Serve with a piece of lemon and half an anchovy on each, and pour some good gravy into the dish.

Dry Curry of Mutton.

Fry a sliced apple and onion till brown in a little butter, then add a tablespoonful of pea-flour, and stew all together. Cut some tender cooked meat across the grain in small slice, and add to the onion, cook all till hot through, stirring as little as possible. Scatter over a teaspoonful of curry powder, salt and pepper to taste. Pour over all two tablespoonfuls of good gravy, stir till dry, and serve with a border of nicely boiled rice. (*Reply to* CULROSS.)

Celery Fritters.

Make a very good vegetable course for supper or dinner. Cut celery, leaving out the centre pieces, into lengths of three inches, and, after cleansing, boil in as little water as possible. Drain the water off, dry in a cloth, and season with pepper and salt with a seasoning of chopped parsley. Dip each piece into good frying batter, and cook in deep fat till a rich golden brown. Drain very dry, and serve on a d'oyley with chopped parsley scattered over.

To Pickle Spanish Onions.

Peel the onions, cut each into rings, and spread out on a large dish; then lightly sprinkle with salt. In about half an hour pour off the watery brine, and put the onion in the jar. Now, pour on scalding vinegar, enough to cover the pickle. Boil up with every pint of vinegar, before it is used, half an ounce each of whole black pepper and allspice, and a quarter of an ounce each of cloves and ginger. Keep the jar on the hob or top of the oven for two or three days, then tie down with bladder. In a month it will be fit for use. (*Reply to* NANCY.)

THE SMARTEST COAT OF ALL.

ISN'T this a fascinating little coatee? Now you really must confess that it is quite a long while since you saw anything half as charming. Besides it is so sensible, for it closes in front and thus affords ample protection against the chill winds of autumn.

No. 17380, Paper pattern, 6½d., post free from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London W.C.

Nor is its appearance the only uncommon thing about it, for its make is decidedly novel, since shoulder seams there are none. The fronts, as you will see (and the backs as you must divine), are cut on the French-bodice principle, with a seam midway. The under-arm piece is of the ordinary type but the fronts and backs overlap it, a fact which is made patent by the exceedingly clear sketch provided by our artist. Not only should the neck and fronts be interlined with canvas, but the portion which passes over the top of the sleeves must be similarly managed.

Two and a quarter yards of forty-two inch material seems a good deal for so short a coat, but, on the other hand, when you remember the manner of its making, it is not much. Moreover, next week, in this space, particulars will be given of a smart nine-gored skirt which would prove an excellent complement to our coat—its number is 17380—and, unless you decide to face that skirt with material, a certain proportion is bound to be left over which, if you decided to make the coat as well, might be utilised for it. Six and a half yards of double-width goods would suffice for the two.

THE HOMELY GIRL.

THERE is an old adage which says, "Beauty is but skin deep, but ugly goes to the bone." It does not bear the truth on its face.

A homely girl, if she realises that she is not pretty, is generally good, generous and, if she gets married, she makes a good wife.

The pretty doll of a girl, with the face of a wax figure and with sylph-like form, generally becomes the cross, ugly old woman. She grows ill-natured because her beauty has faded, which was all she prized when young.

On the contrary, the homely girl welcomes age because it brings with it the respect due to accumulated years.

The homely girl never attempts coquetry. In the absence of personal charms, she cultivates her mind to make up the deficiency, and generally succeeds.

Let the homely girl take courage. Men of sense and honour admire her for her good qualities of mind and heart.

THAT LITTLE BROTHER.

INSTEAD of spending quite so much time and interest on the big brothers of their companions, girls should spend a little on their own growing brothers. A small brother was once sent to bring his sister home one evening. He was proud and important over the duty assigned to him, and actually washed his hands without being told to, in honour of the occasion. He had seen young men offer their arms to his sister, so after much hesitation he offered his. The sister burst out laughing.

In an instant the little arm shot back. The sister did not mean to hurt him. She was only tactless, but it was years before that boy tried offering his arm to another girl.

If a sister can once gain a brother's confidence, she can do wonders for him and with him. One thing she must never do, is to laugh at him. She must treat him seriously, and when he begins to show an interest in girls she must encourage him to tell her all about them, and treat his confidences with the greatest respect.

He is bound to seek the society of girls, and she can influence him wonderfully. A boy who has a nice sister will compare all girls to her, and be anxious that she should approve of his choice.

Girls, don't neglect your small brothers. Help them to be fine, manly men, instead of rough hobbledehoys. You will be helping some woman incalculably, for a good brother makes a good husband.

IN DEFENCE OF MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

Is it not time to say something in defence of the much-abused mother-in-law? This is a reference to the husband's mother, for the wife's is generally an honoured guest in her daughter's establishment. John may privately growl at her, on occasion, and accuse her of exercising an undue influence over Mary; but unless she be a very objectionable person indeed, he both respects and likes her, and "grandma" becomes a power in his house.

Not so with the husband's mother.

To begin with, it is very hard for her to sincerely like her son's wife. An instinctive jealousy exists between the two. Perhaps hitherto the son and mother have been everyone and everything to each other. And the wife forgets how bitterly hard it is for a mother to give up her son at once and for ever.

The poor mother soon finds she is merely tolerated in her son's house, and if she be wise and values the peace of all parties concerned, she submits to the inevitable and seldom goes there unbidden. If, on the contrary, she resents treatment which she considers unjust, and tries to enforce her claims to obedience and respect, strife and misery creep in. How can all this be remedied?

As mothers-in-law, we may tell ourselves that when our children are married we no longer have the first right to them. The young people should be left to make the best of their life, and we must never interfere nor ever give advice until it is asked for.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Incombustible Linen.

Linen which is dipped in a solution of tungstate of soda, or even common alum will become incombustible, and, therefore, is particularly appropriate for mantelpiece hangings. (*Reply to* ELWYN VILLA.)

Glycerine as an Application for Scalds

Is most useful, and should be applied immediately after an accident. Strips of linen or rag soaked in glycerine to be gently laid over the affected part. (*Reply to* ELVERA NORNE.)

To Keep a Zinc Pan Free from Rust.

Rub all over the outside and bottom when new with shoe oil (which any boot-maker will supply), repeat the oiling about four times a year, and it will keep the pan quite bright for many years. (*Thanks to* PRATT.)

To Mix Flour Into Light Cakes.

Add this last of all, as beating makes flour tough. Sprinkle a spoonful of it, take a spoonful of the mixture from the sides of the basin, and fold or drop it lightly over the flour. Do not stir. Whipped whites of eggs are also added in this way. (*Reply to* CATELSHAM.)

This Cloth Cleaner

Is the one you made from my recipe before and found so excellent. One ounce of liquid ammonia, half an ounce of spirits of wine, a quarter of an ounce of virgin naphtha, and one pint of water. Keep tightly corked, and with a piece of cloth apply the solution to parts needing cleaning. (*Reply to* BELFAST.)

To Avert Chapped Hands.

Take common starch and grind it with a knife until it is reduced to the smoothest powder, put this in a clean tin box, so as to have it continually at hand for use. After washing your hands, rinse them in clean water, wipe, and while they are still a little damp, rub a pinch of the starch thoroughly over them, covering the whole surface. The effect is magical. The rough, smarting skin is cooled, soothed, and healed. (*Reply to* WIDOW.)

To Clean a White Felt Hat

Successfully, get some powdered magnesia and work it into a smooth paste with cold water. With a brush rub this all over the hat, most thickly on the dirty parts, and let dry. Then, with a clean brush, brush the hat thoroughly, and shake free of the powder. A second or even third application may be necessary if the hat is very dirty. I should think the white moiré might be cleaned with pipeclay. (*Reply to* SUBSCRIBER.)

Choosing Boots and Shoes for Children.

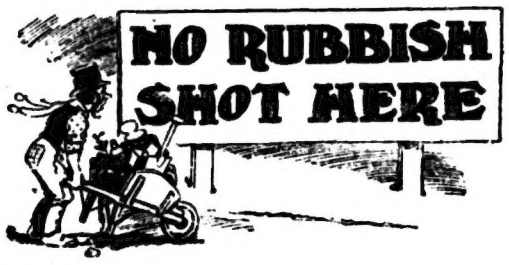
The attention of every mother and nurse should be given to the state of children's feet, for much pain, lameness, and distortion can be prevented if consideration is given in time to the child's boots and shoes. If proper length and width is given all will go well, but this must be seen to constantly, as little feet grow rapidly. If children wear shoes, they should be easy across the toes, and of a good form in the sole. If the ankles appear weak consult a doctor without delay. In a few months damage may be done to the foot, which will never be got over.

Preserve Leaves and Flowers

As follows: Flowers can be preserved for several months by dipping them carefully as soon as gathered in perfectly limped gum-water. After allowing them to drain for two or three minutes, arrange them in a vase; the gum forms a complete coating on the stems and petals, and preserves their shape and colour long after they have become dry. Many people like to have bunches of autumn leaves in their rooms because of the great variety of their colour and beauty of form. These can be preserved so as not to decay under the influence of air in the following simple manner. Melt in a tin or earthenware bowl some spermaceti, and when it is liquid, but not too hot, dip the leaves in. Then lay them out on a smooth surface to dry. The leaves should be thoroughly coated, though not too thickly. (H. K. CRAWLEY.)

Isobel

Have you ever seen the Kaiser in oil-skins? If not, get this month's PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.



Still Increasing.

I AM delighted to be able to chronicle another increase in the amount received in connection with the limerick competitions. It is only further proof of the confidence which all our readers place in the method of adjudication we have adopted. On another page I publish an article written by a competitor who has entered these limerick contests since the first one appeared in *Pearson's*, but who has up to the time of writing failed to win even a consolation gift. He is the ideal competitor, for he extracts from his weekly task more than his money's worth of pleasure and enjoyment, and is perfectly satisfied that the lines which win are better than his. I may say this article only repeats the statements that are made in many scores of letters which I receive during the course of every week. Without wishing to appear to force the views of such readers down the throats of the rest, I think it will be of general interest for me to give you here an extract from a letter of this kind. It is written by a reader residing in Cork, and runs as follows:

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Referring to the contents of a letter which appeared in the columns of *P.W.* some time past from one of the readers, on the subject of the fairness or otherwise of limerick competitions, I must say that I have taken a keen interest in the competitions announced in *P.W.*, and have studied most carefully the lines sent in by the prize winners each week, and have no hesitation in stating that the adjudicators deserve great credit for their selections, more so than any of the other staffs employed by the different periodicals. A comparison of the results of the limerick competitions announced in *P.W.* from the time they started with the results as published in other periodicals will confirm this opinion.

Owing to my social position in this city I can safely say that the majority of the citizens are of the same opinion as myself. I have great faith in *P.W.* since I came in touch with it, and I have watched the different competitions which have been on in the paper since then, and conscientiously can say that they have been managed in a manner befitting one of the leading weekly periodicals of our islands.

You may publish in your paper whatever you think desirable of this letter, but I should like it to be pointed out, for the information of the readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, that I am not one of the prize winners, although I myself have entered for several of the limerick competitions; but I am not ashamed to acknowledge the fact that the lines sent in by the winners for the limerick competitions which I competed for were in every way superior to the lines sent in by me. I believe in the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

This is just the sort of spirit in which one should enter these competitions—a spirit that is bound to bring success sooner or later.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

"Do you think there is any truth in the phrase, 'Laugh and grow fat'?" asks MARY. "It occurred to me the other day that it was really very unlikely such an expression should have become so well known unless there was something to justify it. Most humorous entertainers and people of that sort are rather stoutly built, aren't they? All my life I have been much too thin, and nothing in the way of diet or medicine seems to make any difference. I wondered if I were to go in for reading humorous stories and laughing as much as possible, whether I should find that this had the desired result. What do you think?"——I should think it was quite possible, MARY. At all events, it should prove a most interesting experiment, and, if successful, will quite alter the art of advertising on the part of the publishers. We shall doubtless read eloquent testimonials to Mr. W. W. Jacobs and other eminent novelists based somewhat on the following lines: "Dear Sir,—I have the pleasure to inform you that, after reading the first chapter of your new story, I found that I had put on no less than three pounds in weight. Indeed, so excellent is your humour that I was reluctantly compelled to abandon the book about chapter 15, having reached ten stone six, which the doctor informs me is the correct amount for my height." I shall be interested to hear from you again, MARY, as to the result of your trial.

Why Cow-baiting is Unpopular.

"I WAS reading a long account in one of the magazines about 'bull-fighting in Spain,'" writes INQUIRER, "and it suddenly struck me as curious that the victims should always be bulls and never cows. Why is this? From what I gather of the Spanish nature, I imagine it is not due to any kindly consideration for the sex of the animal. I suppose the fact is that cows are more timid, and would refuse to put up a good fight."——I am afraid you have got hold of the wrong end of the stick this time, INQUIRER. It is for exactly the opposite reason that the gallant Spaniard confines his efforts to the bull. A cow is an infinitely more dangerous antagonist. She will fence with her horns and exhibit a deadly skill, against which all the cleverness of the toreador would be unavailing. The blind, mad rush of a bull can be easily avoided by a man who knows his business, but the attack of an angry cow is a very different matter. A bull in his natural state merely fights to obtain mastery over the herd, and has no particular desire for the death of his antagonist. A cow, on the other hand, fights to protect her young, and her whole object is to kill her assailant. This fact probably accounts for the far more deadly style of warfare, in which the latter indulges.

The Green Room.

"Is it true," inquires PLAYGOER, "that the green room has been done away with in most London theatres? I always thought that when the members of a cast were not on the stage they went and sat in the green room, where they could receive their friends. A man I know, however, who has some experience of the world behind the scenes, told me that this was not the case, and that the green room had been abolished. If this is correct, what do the actors and actresses do with themselves? Go to their dressing-rooms, or sit about at the back of the stage?"——Your friend is quite right, PLAYGOER. The green room, as far as London theatres are concerned, is as extinct as the dodo. When they are not actually engaged in the play the members of the cast sit in their dressing-rooms. They are summoned by the call-boy a few minutes before they have to make their entrance. To hang about the stage when not wanted is an unpardonable sin only committed by beginners. *Apropos* of this fact, a story is told of a certain well-known London manager who once noticed an "extra gentleman" following the play night after night from "the wings." Feeling annoyed at this breach of a recognised rule, he walked up to the youthful enthusiast and remarked with assumed pleasantness: "You seem interested in the play!" The young man, deeply gratified, answered with what he imagined to be vast tact: "I love watching your wonderful acting, Mr. ——." "Ah, indeed," replied the manager; "how much salary do you get?" "A guinea a week," was the reply. "Is that all?" said the manager. "Well, in future you shall have 30s. No, don't thank me," he went on, cutting short an effort at gratitude, "I like to encourage young men who are keen on their art. Only don't spend the other 9s." "Don't spend it," repeated his victim in a mystified voice. "No, save it up," said the manager with cutting distinctness, "save it up till you get three or four pounds, and then buy yourself a nice ivory handled razor and cut your throat. I'm sick of the sight of you!" Unkind, wasn't it, PLAYGOER? But it effectually answers your question as to whether people are supposed to hang about the stage.

Winged Messengers.

"WHY is it," inquires K. L. C., "that pigeons are the only birds which have ever been employed to carry messages? Have they got some curious instinct, possessed by no other bird, which enables them to find their way home from almost any distance?"——As a matter of fact, K. L. C., you are wrong in your information. Falcons have also been used for the same purpose. A falcon sent from the Canary Islands to the Duke of Lerme, in Spain, returned from Andalusia to Teneriffe, a distance of 750 miles, in sixteen hours. Apart from the labour involved in taming and training it, a falcon would probably prove a more satisfactory postman than a pigeon. In the first place, he would not be nearly so liable to accidents. It must be a strong storm indeed which will interfere with the flight of one of these birds, and almost any other denizen of the air who attempted to arrest his progress would get considerably more than he gave in the way of punishment. As for speed, it has been reckoned that at a pinch a falcon can put in a useful little sprint at something about 150 miles an hour. Not bad travelling, eh? All birds possess a sense of direction, but in the case of a carrier pigeon it has been developed to an abnormal degree owing to the fact that these birds have been used for their present purpose for many centuries.

Tiring Music.

TROMBONE, as his *nom de plume* suggests, is a musician, and he has been indulging in an argument with another member of the band for which he plays. TROMBONE asserts that his own instrument is the most exhausting one to perform on, while his friend claims the same distinction for the big fiddle. My opinion is apparently invited to settle the matter.——As the pianolo is the only method of making music in which I indulge, I am afraid I cannot speak as an expert, but a popular London conductor to whom I put the question told me that he considered the oboe to make the greatest demand upon a player's powers. Personally, however, if one may judge by the contortions in which he indulges, and the weird noises which issue from his instrument, I am inclined to think that the gentleman who is kind enough to come and play a cornet outside my gate every Friday evening provides the correct solution. At all events, it would be difficult to imagine anything more exhausting than his attempt at "The Lost Chord."

Percy on the Pole.

MOST of us are content with the troubles that come our way, but not so PERCY. He seems to go out and hunt for them. "When one thinks," he writes, "of all the lives, and money, and labour, which have been wasted in utterly useless attempts to discover the North Pole, it is enough to make any reasonable man really angry. What on earth is the good of it when it is found. There is nothing to be seen there except ice and snow. Instead of making heroes of people like Nansen, and Peary, and Wellman, we ought surely to regard them either as monomaniacs or else simply as men who are anxious to advertise themselves into notoriety. Don't you agree with me?"——No, PERCY, I don't. I have a great admiration for anyone who sets out upon such a task as the discovery of the Pole. In the first place, he is endeavouring to add something to the total of human knowledge, and, secondly, he is undertaking a daring and interesting adventure, which should appeal to anyone with a trace of the sporting instinct. Besides, how do you know that there is nothing worth seeing at the North Pole? Take my advice, and try to be a little more broad-minded.

Treasure in the Lumber Cupboard.

WE have received a letter from Mr. C. F. Simond, the hon. treasurer of F.A.F. lawn-tennis branch, in which he appeals to all players, now that the season is passed, to send their old tennis balls to Sir John Kirk at 32 John Street, Theobalds Road, W.C., for the use of the 7,000 poor little crippled children who are looked after by the Ragged School Union. These old tennis balls would probably not be used for tennis matches again, and they would give the little children many hours of keen enjoyment and fun. I now want to ask my readers if they will pursue this idea a little further. In nearly every home—at all events, those in which there are children—there is somewhere about the house a cupboard containing all sorts of discarded articles in the way of toys and games which will probably never be used again. Old lead soldiers, a broken cricket bat, a battered rocking-horse with a badly fractured leg, and goodness knows how many other relics of the past are jumbled up here in gorgeous confusion. Now, during one of these long winter evenings, when you have nothing particular to do, don't you think you might pay a visit to this storehouse, and make up a bundle of the things which will never be used again, for the use of these crippled children? It is impossible to describe the delight with which these neglected mites will receive your gift. That broken lumber, which to you is merely so much useless rubbish, may be the means of bringing the most perfect happiness to the little cripples of the slums. Surely, such being the case, you will not grudge the trifling labour and expense involved in sending off a parcel as soon as possible to Sir John Kirk. "Little fish are sweet," the old proverb runs. The same might be said of little charities.

Forty Famous Songs.

FASHION in songs changes as it does in everything else. At one time the sentimental ballad is all the craze, and we warble passionately of "hearts," and "Cupid's darts," and "the silver moon," and "nights in June," and all the other stock features of such melodies. Then perhaps a wave of patriotism sweeps across the country, and "Tommy Atkins," and "Boys of the Bull-Dog Breed" ditties meet us at every turn. Amidst all these various changes, however, there is one type of song that never loses its charm or its popularity. I allude to those splendid, stirring old ballads, which have come down to us as a rich heritage from the past, and have twined themselves round the heart of every Englishman.

There is something in such wonderful old songs as "The Arethusa," "Hearts of Oak," "The Bay of Biscay," "Here's a Health Unto His Majesty," that makes them evergreen.

The popular song of to-day will be forgotten to-morrow, but upon the classic songs and ballads time has no effect, and our grandchildren will sing them with as much gusto as our grandfathers did.

The thanks of us all are due to Mr. Sidney Moore, who has collected the cream of these grand old national ballads into a cheap and handy edition. "Forty Famous Songs of England" at the modest price of one shilling is an investment I can heartily recommend to all my readers.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

(Continued from page 1.)

[illegible] R., 30 Castle St., Dover.
[illegible], J., 26 Kemlyn Rd., Anfield, Liverpool.
[illegible], S. B., "Ravenswood," Sale, Cheshire.
[illegible] T. L., 175 Earlham Rd., Norwich.
[illegible] F. E., The Limes, Maidstone.
[illegible], A. D., 190 Walsall Rd., Wednesbury.
[illegible], Miss M. A., Sullenden Lodge, E. Grinstead.
[illegible], Miss E., 73 St. Mary's Mans., Paddington.
[illegible] E., 16 Linden Grove, Leeds.
[illegible] E., The Beeches, Cardiff.
[illegible]ll, J. R., 4 Bank Pl., Kilmarnock.
[illegible] G., 35 Lorne Rd., Forest Gate, E.
[illegible] Miss M., Warwick Rd., Alton, nr. B'ham.
[illegible] W. J., Herne Villa, Plympton, Devon.
[illegible] E., Green Hills Crook, near Kendal.
[illegible], C. A., 76 Cheltenham St., Barrow-in-Furness.
[illegible] D., Craigard, Grangemouth, N.B.
[illegible] R., Warwick House, New Barnet.
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[illegible] A. E., Pine Apple Rd., Birmingham.
[illegible] G. A., 43 Honeywell Rd., Wandsworth Common.
[illegible], M. A., 33 Anson Rd., Cricklewood.
[illegible], Dr., 15 Moorgate St.
[illegible] G. S., 16 Douglas Rd., Goodmayes.
[illegible]ger, W., 669 Seven Sisters Rd.
[illegible], Jnr., R., 55 Sandyfaulds St., Glasgow.
[illegible], F., 263 Oxford St., Oxford Circus.
[illegible], R. C., 12 Kinver Rd., South, Sydenham.
[illegible]way, R. G., 36 Woodland Tce., Old Charlton.
[illegible] Miss N., Lismore, Belfast.
[illegible] W. M., 109 Cromwell Rd., S.W.
[illegible] E., 14 Cormont Rd., Camberwell Pk.
[illegible], H. L., Allenton, Derby.
[illegible], S., Bassingham, Lincs.
[illegible], A., Alwalton House, Woodberry Grove.
[illegible], C., 27 Walton St., Leicester.
[illegible] Miss E. B., Deddington, Oxon.
[illegible] O. W., 1 Marlborough Grove, Leeds.
[illegible]ton, Mrs., 39 Rushey Green, Catford.
Harris, G., 17 Glebe Rd., Bristol.
[illegible] W. H., 4 Onslow Place, S. Kensington.
Hartland, W., Wolverhampton St., Dudley, Worc.
Hartley, Miss L., The Mulberries, Stratford-on-Avon.
[illegible] I., Clovelly, Walton-on-Thames.
Haywood, Mrs. G. H., Highfield Cottage, New Bushey.
[illegible]cock, Mrs. E., Station Rd., Tadcaster.
[illegible]stock, W. E., 29 Milton Ave., Highgate.
Henderson, J., 76 Stevenson Drive, Shawlands, Glasgow.
Henderson, W., 35 Caledonian Cres., Edinburgh.
Henry, Mrs. S., 7 Ness Bank, Inverness.
Heskiel, A., "Devon Lodge," Camberwell.
Hewitt, F. E., 21 Abington Grove, Northampton.
Hick, W. M., 4 Essex Tce., Southend.
Hill, C. H., 8 Beechwood Tce., Leeds.
Hobbs, Miss A., 1 York Rd., Bristol.
Hockaday, F. W., 21 Quay, Bideford, Devon.
Holbourne, W. D., 76 Meadow Rd., Clapham Rd.
Holms, E. C., The Barncroft, Kirby Muxloe, nr. Leic.
Howe, T. S., 22 Eastern Ave., Reading.
Horlock, A., 30 Diana St., Roath, Cardiff.
Howard, H. E., 8 Mannock Rd., Wood Green.
Howe, W. J., 129 Crawford St., Baker St.
Howe, E., The Cottage, Birstall, Leicester.
Hughes, T., Warwick House, Willesden.
Hughes, L., Railway Arms, Worcester.
Humphries, E., Charlesbye Rd., Ormskirk.
Humphreys, H., Gas Inspector, Town Hall, Manchester.
Hutchison, F. G., St. Helen's Engine Works, Govan.
Idle, P., "Needwood," Cheam, Surrey.
Imm, E. F., 107 Clande Rd., Cardiff.
Jackson, Mrs. W. H., No. 20, Calpe, Gibraltar.
James, H., 69 Ashley St., Carlisle.
Jefferd, F. R., The Firs, S. Brent.
Jefferis, J. H., Siston Hill, Warmley, near Bristol.
Jeffery, G., Old School House, Headcorn, Kent.
Jennett, G., 15 Navarino Rd., Dalston.
Jenkins, D., Cash Stores, Pontardawe, Glam.
Joiff, G. W., L. and N.W. Rly., Euston Stn.
Jolly, Miss B. A., 21 Princes St., Pollokshields.
Johnson, D., 10 Beaconsfield Pl., Dundee.
Jones, D., 108 Killearn Rd., Catford.
Jones, W. T., 5 Airdale Rd., Liverpool.
Kavanagh, C., H.M. Customs, Belfast.
Kearsley, J., 3 Chiltern View Rd., Uxbridge.
Kerr, J., 341 Dumbarton Rd., Partick.
Kehoe, J., Chance Rd., Bo'ness, N.B.
Kelbrooke, C., 16 Duckett Rd., Harringay.
Kelso, E., Woodlands Rd., Cleadon.
Kemp, F., Belle-Vue, Cockermouth.
Kemp, H. A., 48 High St., Eton.
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Christmas Day . December 25.	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23	Nov. 1 ... 5.34
Boxing Day . December 26.	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24	" 2 ... 5.32
Good Friday . . April 17.	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	" 3 ... 5.30
Easter Monday . April 20.	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26	" 4 ... 5.28
Whitsun Monday . June 8.	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	" 5 ... 5.27
Bank Holiday . . August 3.	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	" 6 ... 5.25
	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	" 7 ... 5.24

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More than one solution may be sent if writ[illegible] plain piece of paper and accompanied by either [illegible] P.O.'s or one for the total amount.

Here is a list of rhyming words which [illegible] competitors:—

Display, dismay, away, gainsay, bray, dray, tray, [illegible] gay, fray, jay, hay, stay, lay, stay, may, stay, nay, pay, [illegible] allay, play, ray, say, way, array, pray, spray, astray [illegible] decay, away, belay, betray, inveigh, weigh, relay, neigh.